



# BEST GAY EROTICA

2015

EDITED BY ROB ROSEN

**BEST  
GAY EROTICA  
2015**

*Edited by*  
ROB ROSEN

Copyright © 2014 by Rob Rosen.

All rights reserved. Except for brief passages quoted in newspaper, magazine, radio, television or online reviews, no part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or information storage or retrieval system, without permission in writing from the Publisher.

Published in the United States by Cleis Press Inc., an imprint of Start Midnight, LLC, 609 Greenwich Street, Sixth Floor, New York, New York 10014

Printed in the United States.

Cover design: Scott Idleman/Blink

Cover photograph: Miroslav Georgijevic/Getty Images

Text design: Frank Wiedemann

First Edition.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Trade paper ISBN: 978-1-62778-090-2

E-book ISBN: 978-1-62778-105-3

*For Kenny,*

*my best gay everything, always and forever*

# Contents

## Introduction

[Different Strokes](#) • Richard Michaels  
[Choice](#) • Rhidian Brenig Jones  
[Hot Man Boulevard](#) • Jacqueline Broucker  
[Feygele](#) • Alex Stitt  
[The Man in Black](#) • Gregory L. Norris  
[Like Magic](#) • Salome Wilde  
[Nothing to Lose](#) • Dale Chase  
[From Here to There](#) • Xavier Axelson  
[Outlaws and Bad Men](#) • Kenzie Mathews  
[Bullheaded](#) • Logan Zachary  
[Rookie Glitch](#) • Martha Davis  
[Payment in Full](#) • T. R. Verten  
[Freyr's Toothache](#) • Mark Wildyr  
[No Ifs, Ands or Butts](#) • Rob Rosen  
[Super Service](#) • Michael Roberts

## About the Authors

## About the Editor

# Introduction

Welcome to *Best Gay Erotica 2015*, the twentieth installment of this esteemed and, yes, steamy anthology. So break out the streamers and balloons, not to mention a handy-dandy bottle of lube or two, and let's celebrate our moving from the teen years into the roaring twenties! FYI, the best is yet to—pardon the expression—*come!*

As in the past, the stories that follow are from the preeminent erotica writers around today, from Richard Michaels, Alex Stitt, Salome Wilde, Dale Chase, Xavier Axelson and Logan Zachary, to a whole gifted slew of others who will leave you panting. The sexual exploits are at times hot and humorous, sublime and sultry, dirty and deliciously sweat drenched, and always of the high literary quality that you've come to expect from this collection. Oh, and there're quite a few tantalizing surprises along the way, too.

In fact, *Best Gay Erotica 2015* is filled to the page-turning brim with tales of fire dancers and TV repairmen, cowboys and cops, painters and priests, vampires and aliens and—time to wipe the sweat off your brow—even elves. There's everything from solo sex and triple onslaughts, to naked encounters in bathrooms and gyms and vineyards, and a myriad of creative uses for all things phallic. Heck, throw in a French biker and a couple of hunky Poles and you'll soon see why this anthology is head and shoulders—not to mention certain other thick and rigid body parts—above the rest.

So here's to you, Best Gay Erotica. Long may you reign—and throb and pulse and shoot and pump and most certainly thrust!

Rob Rosen  
San Francisco

# Different Strokes

Richard Michaels

I was balled by the bald black man who bawled when he came and nearly bowled me over with the force of his fierce orgasm.

He went *thwap!* against my inner walls, and I quivered.

It has been my experience that only in stories such as this one does somebody shoot inside you with such vehemence that you actually feel it.

In general, I have found, you know that he's climaxed only when he stops pumping and his hands suddenly squeeze your hips, and you can't see him because you're kneeling on the bed, but you'd like to think that he's arching his back and opening his mouth in a soundless cry because that means that while you were on the verge of suffocation with your face in a pillow and *hmming* and *aahhing* every now and then to give him encouragement and suffering the jolts when his cock slipped out of your ass and he aimed it into you again undexterously and not complaining when it seemed that he'd learned his sexual skills from an Army training manual, that while you were doing all of this, he was getting satisfaction and has reached fulfillment due to your unselfish ministrations. And then he pulls out, and after a minute, you turn to revel in the happy smile of gratitude on his face and find that he's slumped back onto the bed fast asleep—just as everything else was fast—and is beginning to snore.

Or the face that's between your legs suddenly contorts, and he pushes your feet farther and farther apart until you're like a wishbone ready to snap, and you wait for him to cry out your name from the height of his passion, and he says, "Oh, shit!" and lets go of your legs so that, with a click, your feet spring back together in a painful collision as he collapses onto your chest, and after a few moments you try to move him so that you can breathe again, but that's impossible because your haunches are still curved around his back and he's pinned you to the sweat-wet sheets like a wrestler waiting for the referee to render his decision, and then you find that he's asleep as he begins to snore.

Or you're bent over the kitchen sink with your face among the dirty

dishes, and you realize that nothing has been going on back there for a while, and you straighten up, wiping off last night's pasta primavera from your nose, and you see that he's at the refrigerator getting a beer.

But this was different. The bald black man, whose name was Royale, erupted like a geyser. No, that's an exaggeration—this is a story, after all—but I felt his spunk hot in my hole like steam hissing out of a boiling teakettle, and he shouted, “Oh! Oh! Oh!”—no, wait, this is a porno story, so he shouted, “Aaaghhh! Uuurrh! I'm exploding, man, I'm going off like a rocket, I'm going into orbit, oh, I'm such a fucking stud, ooh! Ooh! Ooh! Wow!” But really, he cried, “You're beautiful, Richard, you're the best, the greatest, I am putty in your hands, but I am timber in your ass.” And like spontaneous combustion I spewed lustily, my sperm burning the sheet, making a piece of lace, and still rigid in my throbbing posterior, he put his warm arms around me and kissed my shoulder, and we both rolled onto our sides, and he held me while I fell asleep and began to snore.

Like the pricks of all fictional superheroes, Royale's prick was a masterpiece of wonder and astonishment. Since this is fantasy, and you and I know it, even as we pretend that it's fact, even as you and I reach for ourselves, as I try to type with one hand while I massage my tumescence under the desk and feel the wetness at the front of my shorts and can scarcely wait to finish this tale of tail so that I can hurry into the bedroom, flinging clothes as I go, falling onto the bed in a storm of cotton and polyester, the same bed on which Royale and I bonked our brains out only a moment ago, so that I can jerk myself into a frenzy as I think of the white pages spilling out of the computer printer just as white jism spilled out of Royale's black cock, just as jism spills out of my white cock—so since this is fantasy, Royale's equipment banged against his knee. Even in fantasy, that's difficult to believe, since if that were the case, when he screwed me, he would have flossed my teeth, but his manhood did hang halfway down his firmly muscled thigh. It hung halfway down his rippling thigh for only seconds, but almost instantly it sprang out from his groin, the foreskin retreating as the head emerged like the face of someone who is pleased at attention being paid.

And I did pay attention: I kissed the sideways smile, and in obeisance to the length and breadth and the width and girth of this awesome instrument of masculinity, I slid it between my lips, steered it carefully into my oh-so-eager mouth, my salivating mouth, my panting mouth, because it was like driving a truck through a tunnel that's almost too small, steering this truck with its precious cargo on the glistening highway of my tongue until the front of the cab, with its retracted grillwork of flesh, struck a roadblock and



could go no farther, so I put the truck into reverse and backed it up, and then metaphor breaks apart, as it always does in these stories, and we get back to basics: I sucked his dick.

Even wet with my worship, his prick was still difficult to take, and even with the deep-throating technique that all we narrators of these hyperbolic flights of erotica learned the moment we wrote our first word, I could not ingest all of his munificence. And, yes, I wanted all of Royale's magnificence, wanted to consume every inch of his many inches, of his many many inches. I wanted to feel my nose tickled by his thick, curly black loin locks, and I wanted to feel his balls, his big, heavy balls, his bowling-ball balls batter my chin. And so I put my arms around him and held him as close to me as I could and I sucked his dick, his wonderful dick, his delicious dick.

We've arrived at the point in the story at which the narrator tastes the first pearly drops of precome—and yes it was ambrosial and yes it was vintage—but I thought, *No, this is too soon; I want this to go on*, and Royale must have been reading the same story, because he said, "No, this is too soon; I want this to go on."

So I released him, yawning so wide that I could hear the bones crack, and I wondered if I would ever be able to close my jaw again. And as he extracted himself, he blessed me with another tasty burst of essence and he said, "Now, let me fuck you."

No, I want to fulfill your expectations. He said, "I'm going to plow you, baby. I'm going to stick my fiery rod up your ass all the way to China. I'm going to make you yelp like a dog begging for my bone. I'm going to split you in half, and both halves of you will be pleading for me to fuck you some more, and I will, I'll fuck both of you at once, and I won't even sweat while I'm doing it."

He penetrated me—no, penetrated isn't the word; he lanced me, he impaled me, he speared me on his rotisserie and barbecued me over the fires of his desire.

Well, actually, he entered me gently, slowly, allowing me to adjust to his intrusion. It was an accommodation I made gladly, because it was a delirious pain. And every time I thought I couldn't accept any more, he seemed to know and paused, and he seemed to know when he might proceed, until at last he was fully inside me, and I was enraptured.

Take whichever version you prefer and continue accordingly.

He played me like a fine conductor with a baton that knew how to bring out all of my harmonies. He jackhammered away at my guts, and he stroked long and soft and short and sharp like a connoisseur of

cocksmanship and pounded into me with unabated vehemence. He was sublime and he was ferocious, sewing me up and ripping me apart. He strode me and rode me and filled me and drilled me and pummeled me as if there were no tomorrow, and he made love to me as if tomorrow would never dawn. Finally, my beautiful Royale came in torrents and waterfalls, shouting his pleasure, flooding me, deafening me, and it was beautiful, it was beautiful, it was beautiful—and as I write this, I am damp, I am drenched, my sex is swelling and straining against my shorts, seeking release, yet still I must delay until you are satisfied.

But are you satisfied? Would you prefer a blond, a blond with the sort of hair in which your fingers can get lost for weeks, a blond who is tall and slender, with eyes that adore and plead with you for domination?

The blond dude gazed at me and he said, “I wanted you even before this story started.”

And I said, magnanimously, “Why not?” He smiled at me in gratitude—of course, I know that never happens, but this isn’t reality, so lighten up. Anyway, he smiled at me in gratitude, and he pressed himself against me, and I could feel his pecker rubbing my leg through his artfully torn and tattered jeans, and, yes, I know that pecker is a silly word, a callow word, but somehow it fits, because he looked so collegiate, as if he ought to be riding a bicycle across campus or huddling in his jacket at the bonfire for the homecoming football game.

He kissed me, and his lips tingled against mine, and I have to admit it, I was hooked. I immersed my fingers in his hair, and he pressed his hands against my back, and we kissed, and he was knowing and yet innocent. His tongue dueled with mine, but he didn’t try to swallow me, so it was simultaneously a sweet kiss and an exciting kiss.

He put his hands between us on my cotton-covered thickening shaft and he said, “Umm,” into my lips, and it was amazing how much one sound conveyed. It was like reading the first word of a novel and knowing instantly the rest of the story and wanting to race through the book and yet wanting to savor each succeeding word. Still attached to my lips, he unzipped my pants and shoved his hand into my shorts, the shorts that are wringing wet as I now describe all of this to you, and he extricated my cock, and extricated is what he did, because he bent me a little too brusquely and scraped me against my zipper. This is reality, so yes there was pain, but it didn’t matter, because in one fluid motion he went to his knees and inhaled me and hummed into my schlong, and I rang like a tuning fork.

He lowered my pants to my feet and next my shorts, the opening

slipping along my prick until it got stuck at the crown, with my dick dangling perpendicular, and he gave a little yank, and my shorts pulled free and my man-stem sprang up and hit his nose, and we both said “Ouch.”

In unison, we said “Sorry,” and he took me in again.

It’s great to meet a cocksucker who knows what he’s doing, and—let’s give him a name—Evan knew what he was doing. He went up and down and under and over, and who would have thought that such a face would have such a mouth? And if this weren’t a story, I would have been surprised that he could manage to slip both of my nuts between his lips and roll them around like a couple of pieces of candy. No, that’s a bad comparison, because I want you to realize my studliness; he rolled them around, let’s see, he rolled them around like a couple of wine-skins, sloshing their potent brew—and that makes them sound like a pair of beer kegs, but maybe that’s not bad, so yes, they were a pair of kegs. I mean, what guy wouldn’t like to have kegs between his legs, with their contents rising closer and closer to the spigot?

We need a bit of heightened dialogue here, so I said, “Eat me, punk. Eat my choice meat, my sirloin steak of a cock with all of its juices rampant”—all right, I know that’s a bit much, but believe me, it’s not easy thinking up this stuff—“Oh, man, I’m going to fuck your face until you can’t walk”—okay, we seem to be having a little writer’s block here, but give me a minute.

Or maybe let’s just let Evan talk. “Oh, you hunky hunk, I love your hunk of manflesh, your manhunk, and, man, it’s a hunk. It fills me, there’s just so damn much of it, and I adore it, I want to chew on it forever, I want to consume it, and I want it to consume me,” he said, and he said this with his mouth full. That’s how good a cocksucker he was, because while he spoke he licked me with a dozen tongues and he stroked me with myriad lips, and his multitude of hands roamed across my balls and my legs and my buttocks and my nipples, and I felt as if I were going to go up in flames like a five-alarm fire. I mean, he was good.

He looked up at me with eyes that were blue like the sea— and I know that’s a cliché, but you can drown in a cliché, and I was drowning in his eyes. And he released me, leaning back on his heels, staring up at me, his nude body shining with his exertion—okay, sure, we both had our clothes on a few paragraphs ago, but now he’s nude, okay? And so am I, our clothes are in two neat little piles in a corner of this story, so don’t get hung up on details, and let’s continue. His nude body glistened and his crowbar pointed at my lance, and both of us gasped as if we were drowning, struggling for air, and at last he said, “You know what I want.”

“Sure, I do,” I said, “but you have to ask me for it.”

“I’m not going to ask you for it,” he said, and I slapped him across the face with my dong, and he said, “Thank you.” I whacked him again with my whanger, and he said, “I’m going to beg you for it. I beseech you, I implore you, I entreat you. Pretty please.”

Well, since he asked so nicely, how could I refuse?

I extended my hands and lifted him to his feet, and his member met my member, club members, and his eyes were eager, and so was I, and I turned him around—and oh his ass, it was lovely, two firmly packed globes, unblemished, flawless—and I looked into the cleft between them and I felt so high, I felt absolutely vertiginous, and I parted the globes and saw the perfect little rosebud pucker and above it, to mix analogies profligately, a sign that read, This way to Heaven, and my pilgrim breathed “Hosanna” and entered into bliss.

He parted for my arrival, and before I barely had begun, he closed around me, and the feeling was so piercing that I precame a bit, and I thought, *No, this is too soon, I want this to go on, and if I’m repeating something from a prior experience in this story, I don’t care, I just want to feel this good always.* He opened and I went farther, and he closed and I stopped, and he opened and I went, and at last I was all of the way in, my pelvis pressed against his yielding flesh, my pubic hair mashed flat against the half circles of his superb flesh. My arms were around him and holding on to his iron chest, my face against the warmth of his back, and I thought, *This is the way I could spend eternity.*

At least, that’s the way I could spend the next few minutes, while I lean back in my chair and paw at my raging hard-on, my hand swimming against the tide that has been flowing since I sat down to create this chronicle for you, trying to keep from exploding so that I can get to the end and tell you everything you want to know, and then, my job done, unfasten my pants and thrust them to the floor and feel the fabric of the chair beneath my cheeks and grab myself and propel myself to glory as I stare at the words on my computer screen.

But that wasn’t what he wanted, and you don’t want it either; you and he both want action; he wanted me to fuck him, and you want to fuck him, and you want me to fuck him, and, obligingly, I did just that and can I tell you, are there words to express the pleasure he gave me and the joy I gave him, retreating, utgop, his love muscle releasing me reluctantly, advancing, qwertyuiop[r, his dew drop opening in welcome, my temperature rising, my cock rising, dflke, and my fingers smash the keyboard in my excitement, and I’m trying to keep coherent, because we’re almost there and I pounded

into him, I screwed him, I made love to him, and he enveloped me, and I grabbed his cock, and it was like grabbing a crowbar—I said that already, I don't care—I want to fuck him and fuck him and fuck him and he was clenched around me the way your fist is clenched around your dick, and I was panting the way you're panting now, the way I want you to be panting now, as you try to focus on the page, the book balanced on your heaving stomach just as I was balanced on his sweet sweet sweet—and I couldn't hold back, I screamed and I creamed and I yelled and I shook 7.0 on the Richter scale, oh, forever, please forever, and I felt his prick jerk in my hands and he spumed all over my fingers, and I came again, I'm coming now punching the keys with one hand, and I ran rivers in the landscape of his rolling hills, and let go, let go, let me bring you with me over the precipice, I will fuck you, you may fuck me, oh don't stop, don't ever stop, we are so fucking beautiful, we are so beautiful fucking, and finally we will both howl like night creatures baying at the moon, the moon we reach in our ecstasy—*AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!*—and you anoint my words, you gush, you flow, and the print runs until you cannot read it, and my story disappears into your fist.

# Choice

Rhidian Brenig Jones

“Fifty quid. The two of you, together.”

My English wasn’t as good as Sebastian’s, but when there’s a hand on your thigh, you don’t need a phrase book. The creep had been giving us the eye since we walked in the door. Nothing new in that; we’re cock magnets, after all, but I was amazed the guy had the balls to make a move. He shuffled closer on the seat, and I took a hit of denture-breath from moist liver-lips.

He plucked at the seam of my jeans. “All right, sixty. Make it sixty, okay? I got a place we can go.”

I put my beer down and leaned back against the vinyl to give him the full breadth of my chest. His eyes zeroed in as I slipped my hand under my shirt and scratched lazily at the fuzz around my navel. Sometimes, in the mornings, I find Sebastian’s hairs there, caught silky black among the blond—sometimes other things as well. The thought bloomed in my cock, and I smiled as I lifted the veiny, unwanted hand away. “*Jeśli dotkniesz mnie jeszcze raz, złamię ci te pierdolone ręce.*”

“What? What did you say?”

“He says,” Sebastian murmured, looming over his shoulder, “touch him again and he will break your fucking arm. Touch him again, I will break the other.” He cupped the old fool’s jaw, then clapped sharply, setting the gray jowls jiggling. “Go!”

“Nice,” I commented as I turned my head to the side. “*Jezus,*” my lover complained, reverting to Polish. “I go for a piss, and you’re hitting on someone.”

“Hey, the man made a fair offer, seeing *you* were involved. If I’d been on my own, he’d have made it double.”

We downed our drinks and I followed him as he weaved through the crowd at the bar, loving the long line of his back, the way his ass moved. Kevin, the fat boy from the baker’s, was yanking his darts from the board. His Tweedledum face lit up when I winked at him, and then I felt sort of

bad. He's got a bone for us, but Kevin's okay, slips us doughnuts, no charge.

Outside, the evening air was still and cold and smelled faintly of hops from the brewery on the outskirts of town. I bounced on the balls of my feet and looked up. Default setting for an English sky: cloudy.

"You want a threesome, Kevin's hot," Sebastian said, beginning to walk. "Plenty of him to go around, at least."

"Had him. And his mother. And the dog." "Dog any good?"

"German shepherd. Fabulous. But he never called." Halfway down the hill to our flat, one of the dozens of derelict chapels in this bleak Lancashire town towered black against the skyline, its graveyard desolate, choked by knotweed and bramble. Halloween, hammered after Jarek's party, we'd made out on a grave, but I'd got so freaked thinking of *Carrie* that I had to hang on to Sebastian the rest of the way home, screw the risk. He stopped and gripped the fence railings and pressed his forehead to the bars.

"Come on," I said. "We'll be late for James." "Piece of shit."

"James is a piece of shit?"

"The knob in the pub. What the fuck did he think we were?"

"Broke." *Migrant workers. Job-hungry sucklers on the British tit. Good enough to suck on a British cock.*

He pushed away from the rails and turned to face me, his luscious mouth down-turned, threatening an A-grade sulk.

I stepped gently on his foot. "Lighten up, for chrissake. It's not like it means anything."

"It does to me. Fucking old twat."

I smiled and shook my head: I love a man with values. "That's it, isn't it? He was old and he was ugly. What if he'd looked like Kuba? Or Tomek?"

"If he looked like them, he wouldn't have to pay."

I gave it a few beats. "Okay, anyone, take anyone. Would you ever do it for money, period?"

"If I thought I'd get anything for it, I'd sell your ass tomorrow." The rails were crusted with rust, and my heart began to race as I waited, watching him pick and probe at a paint bubble. Eventually, he shrugged. "Maybe, if he was a total babe and his wallet was as thick as his dick."

I curled his fingers around a pound coin. "Two out of three. What do I get for my money?"

We'd made love before work, quick, urgent, no foreplay, but my cock stiffened like it had a year before, the night I first met him. We'd

abandoned the club and, dry-mouthed with anticipation, I'd led him through Kazimierz to my flat, our breath smoking like incense in the frosted air, our boots crackling on the iron ice of a Kraków winter. His mouth had scalded me, and when he'd taken me, he'd taken my soul, as well.

His beautiful eyes roamed my face. "The weekend," he said softly, replying to my question. "What we did during the weekend. But this time, you do it to me."

Something whipped in my gut, then lunged and struck. Sweet venom spread, began to seep from the tip of my prick. *Kurwa*, to fuck, that's what we'd done. When it was over, he'd washed me, his hands tender then, loving. He'd pressed his mouth into my hair and held me, rocking and murmuring, his strong arms locked around me long after I'd stopped shuddering. And maybe that had been the best part.

His voice was husky, caressing my cock like a warm, wet tongue pulling through my urethra. "You loved it, didn't you, *dziubus*? Yeah, you loved it." He swung my hand to his crotch, my knuckles brushing his powerful erection. "You love me?"

"Always," I said, because it was true. He nodded at the graveyard. "Want to?" "No time. James, remember?"

"Fuck James."

*Oh, yeah.*

Back in the summer, Ray, the builder we worked for, had wind-milled his arms at me across a stack of reinforcing mesh.

"You live near the Catholic church, don't you? Drop this through the letterbox on your way home, will you?" He'd held the invoice at arm's length, squinting. "Bugger."

"What?"

"Flooring for the church hall. New fella there. I've let him have it cost."

"Yes? This is good thing you do, I think."

"Glad to hear you say that, my friend, because you're going to be laying it Saturday, you and lover boy." He'd smirked and licked the envelope. "Father James Danaher. Said he might drop in, so make sure you're grafting."

Laying a floor is hard on the back; as the day wore on, it had got harder on the cock.

We'd looked up to see James, the priest, crabbing his way around the edge of the room, surprising in jeans and a faded Diesel sweatshirt. *Almost*,



I'd thought. *Almost*. Nature had penny-pinched, grudging him millimeters, a subtlety of angle that would have transformed *okay* into *fucking knockout*. Medium build, tall enough, but nowhere near Sebastian's stunning height. Cropped dark hair, receding slightly. Wide-set eyes that were an indeterminate gray. Blunt nose above a long upper lip, the cleft in his chin fractionally off center. You know the type: nothing to write home about but you wouldn't smack his mouth off your dick if he offered. Then he'd smiled, and for some reason my stomach had turned over.

He'd been keen to help, and though I suspected he'd be as much use as tits on a fish, I'd handed out some grunt work, nothing he could fuck up, getting down on all fours to clean up around us. I'd studied him when he wasn't looking. Sexy ass, the bulge of his balls neatly bisected by the seam of his jeans. Solid thighs, looked like they'd be corded with muscle, the kind you want gripping your hips, locking as orgasm hits. Sebastian's raised eyebrow had brought me up short. I mean, if it's breathing, generally in working order and has a *Y* chromosome, I'll fuck it, but a priest, well, there was still a lot of Catholic in me.

Mid-afternoon we'd sat on some boxes and cracked the cans we'd brought.

"You think you'll settle in the U.K. for good?" James had asked.

"Perhaps," I'd said, the mild ache in my groin intensifying as I watched him scratch at scabs of cement on his ankle. "We like it here, but talked about Holland, too."

"Holland, yes," Sebastian had said. "I like Holland. Good place." He'd reached out and squeezed the back of my neck, let his hand lie there for a moment, then trailed a fingertip to my throat. "In Poland, it is not so easy for us."

In the months that followed, we'd seen a fair bit of James. He'd talked us into playing for the church soccer team, and one time we'd even gone to Mass, but only to see if he looked hot in his vestments. If he had a rare hour free, he'd call and we'd practice some simple phrases so he could tangle his tongue with the influx of Poles who'd tripled his congregation when the borders opened. Friendly enough, but always on his terms. Unconcerned by our loathing of the Church, seemingly cool that Sebastian and I were lovers, his own sexuality remained a no-go area, shut off behind a wall of reserve. But we knew. Back in the church hall, Sebastian had caressed me, and James's mask had slipped. Two men had touched and something had flared behind his pupils, raw and voracious—for a split second, he'd been revealed. I'd never seen that look again, but, *Jezus*, I wanted to. The

memory of it buzzed in my blood like amyl.

Sebastian eyed me curiously. “*Pierdolone*, what’s wrong with you? If you want him, we’ll go for him. You think we’ll fry in Hell if we mess with a holy man?”

“No...yes. Shit, I don’t know.” Truth be told, I was scared, scared we’d make assholes of ourselves. Scared of coming on to him and seeing this grave and dignified young priest draw back, frowning in distaste. Or worse, smile understandingly. *Pityingly*.

I pulled at my lower lip. “We don’t know for sure he’s gay,” I said lamely.

Sebastian snorted. “He’s as queer as you are, and you know it. But there’s no point sweating it; the man couldn’t fuck if he wanted to.”

“What d’you mean?”

“Baby, baby, you should’ve paid attention in catechism class instead of playing with your little pee-pee. First week in the seminary, priests get their dicks cut off. The gay ones, they take their balls, too. They got this instrument like a giant nail clipper, machete blades with a spring. *Whack!* All off, right down to the pubes. They just leave a little hole so they can pee.” I digested this information in silence as he worked the key into the door, grinning at me over his shoulder. “Think about it. Two holes. Two *really tight* little holes. You and me, doing him. Doing him till he cries, then shooting in his ass, shooting in his *bladder*.” His tongue came out and lapped the air. “Yum.”

I slapped his own crazy ass into the hallway. “You’re a deeply disturbed man, Sebastian.”

“Why you love me, *kochanie*. It’s why you love me.”

I cradled the beer against my chest and gave the bathroom door a thump. I did it again, and Sebastian shouted something I didn’t catch over the rumble of the shower.

James had arrived early. He stood in the living room, leafing through an old copy of *Polska*. He looked good, the outline of his torso and a shadow of hair just visible under a cream linen shirt, but the thought of him naked made my guts flip. Naked and reaching for us, stiff cock swaying above low-slung, semen-rich balls. Pointless balls. We’d asked him once whether celibacy extended to masturbation, and he’d flushed, hadn’t answered. Sebastian, being Sebastian, had persisted. “You must do it, yes? How can you not? You are what, thirty? You are young, not old like the other priests.”

We'd spun a fantasy when he'd gone. James in his lonely bed. Arms bent up under the pillows to keep his hands off his prick. A sudden flexing, the cottony brush of the sheet and his stifled groan. Because despite his prayers, the punishing penances, his body rebelled, craved what was eternally forbidden to him. Loving words in the night. The sandpaper scrape of a jaw, but the tongue soft in his mouth. The male fist tight on his cock—

“Polish is one hell of a language,” he said, folding the newspaper.

“You can read some now?”

“A few words here and there. Thanks. Cheers.”

“*Na zdrowie*. You know, is the same when we learn English, at first is very hard for us—” He wasn't listening. He was staring, slack-jawed, at something behind me.

I spun on my heel. Sebastian was lounging in the doorway, naked but for a towel around his neck. His erect cock jutted, as hard and aggressive as a rhino horn. “Hello, James,” he said pleasantly.

“*Jezus*,” I croaked. “*Co ty do cholery robisz?*”

His smile broadened. He beckoned me abruptly. “*Zamknij się. Chodź tutaj.*”

Dumbfounded, I obeyed and crossed the room to him. He caught me in his arms and turned me and kissed the side of my neck. My lover's eyes are neither blue nor green but a changeable shade on the cusp of both. When he's aroused, the irises rim the pupils like shards of aquamarine. I knew what those eyes would be doing to James.

“You are well, my friend?” His fingers moved deftly on the buttons of my shirt.

James raised his head. His color had drained but his gaze was steady, and in a cold corner of my mind I thought, *Atta boy*. He spoke quietly, without emphasis. “You trying to shock me, Sebastian? Outrage a priest? Is that what you want?” Amusement bubbled in Sebastian's voice. “*Outrage?* What

is that? I want nothing. I have what I want. I have Piotr. But do you know, perhaps tonight he is not enough for me. Or I for him.” He licked the nape of my neck, slowly, shiveringly, up into the short hairs. “Do you like blond men, James? Handsome blond men like Piotr?” He opened the last button on my shirt and eased it off my shoulders.

Christ knows how he did it but James kept his eyes on my face.

“See?” Sebastian purred, sliding his palm. “Look at his chest, his skin, so smooth, so fine. Such skin. Would you like to feel it on you, James,

covering you? It would be fantastic, believe me.”

More than the press of his prick, I felt the hammering beat of his heart. He licked me again, and this time I thought he'd bite, bite like he does when I've made him crazy and he has me pinned and sobbing and there's a leopard on my back and its great cat cock is in me and I cry out at the spray of its semen.

“I am a priest,” James said. “You are a man first.”

Sebastian unzipped me and tucked the band of my briefs under my balls. “You do not want him? Even though he is so beautiful? You are sure?” He circled a finger around the overhang of my corona, then drew the skin right back. “You are sure?”

The room became still. James's gaze turned inward, and a fleeting, puzzled expression passed over his face as if whatever he was searching for had gone. I heard the pain in his sigh and the mourning for what he had lost as, at last, he dropped his eyes to my cock.

\* \* \*

“*On się spuścił,*” Sebastian said flatly.

I jerked my arm away and looked down. A puddle of semen overflowed James's navel, one thick rivulet breaking away to run to his waist. He'd come all right.

He'd been shy, his skin sticky with nervous sweat, so we'd taken things nice and slow. With tongues and searching fingertips we'd prolonged the foreplay, ratcheting up his arousal by ignoring his cock and finding other places where our touches made him moan. His ears and the backs of his knees, his stiff little nipples erect in their ruffs of hair. More than anything he'd liked kissing, and we'd indulged him until our lips were as swollen as our dicks, the skin around them pink with stubble burn.

Sebastian had finally picked up the pace. He'd pulled out of James's arms and tilted his hips at me. One milking squeeze of his shaft, and my hand had been slicked. I'd leaned over James and spread my fingers to make a web, the fine filaments glinting in the lamplight. Gently, I'd laid my hand over his mouth and nose. “Smell, James. *Sex.*”

Thinking about it, he hadn't come as much as leaked, the cream oozing from his untouched dick in an incontinent dribble.

Sebastian blew out his cheeks. “*Idiota.*”

“*Idiota?*” I arched across James, and a tongue-span away my man's cock reared to me, exposing the smooth underbelly, the delicate tie pulled taut and glistening. Sebastian lifted off his heels so that I could do what he

wanted, but I reached past his balls and stirred my fingers through the hair on his perineum. I swirled my tongue in a mime around his glans, connecting with only my breath. “*Idiota?*”

His eyes blazed into mine, burning blue. He wound his fist in my hair and gripped his cock, squeezing out glassy beads of precome. But when I bent to him, he held me off. Gooseflesh erupted along my arms when I understood what he intended to do. James’s semen had thinned, become translucent, but was still thick enough to cling. Sebastian forced his prick down and used his fingers to smear the pearly glaze over the head. Little dabs then, wetting my lips, the scents of two men mingling in my nostrils and the steady feeding in so that I could suck, suck my priest’s come off my lover’s shaft.

Under me, James’s cock stirred, slowly straightening, and the “Hallelujah” chorus went off in my head.

One on either side of him, we held each other’s gaze: three cocks, six holes. I’m up for any slutty permutation but Sebastian can be difficult. He groped in the drawer for the condoms we keep for when we’re partying—condoms that usually end up in my ass. I’d never seen him get fucked, *kurwa*; I rarely get to do him myself. A risky idea sent a thrill through the pit of my belly; could be that things were about to change.

“You have preference?” he asked James, biting the foil. “What you like?”

“I’ve never done anything. I don’t know what I like.”

“I do,” I said. I took the little square and scraped its edge over Sebastian’s nipple. “*Ty*,” I told him, “*ty pierwszy*. And after him, me,” I added for James’s benefit.

Sebastian grimaced and shook his head. “*Nie, Piotr*.” “*Tak, kochanie. Ah, tak*.”

My lover must have heard an edge in my voice. He threw me an unreadable look, hesitated, then shrugged and tipped forward, taking his weight on his forearms. I danced my fingers along the furrow of his spine: such a turn-on, making this arrogant top submit. Palms flat, I spread his buttocks to expose him. James stared in silence, his rapt expression telling me all I needed to know. I jerked my chin at the lube. “Put on him, inside. Also his balls. Is good for him, you touch his balls.”

What was it like for James? I watched him smear the gel, my body flooded with the memory of my own first time. I’d been young, maybe sixteen, my godmother’s son a little older. Handsome Daniel, a golden boy. His tiny slot, pink and perfect. His hoarse whispers urging me on and his

startled grunt when I complied. Heat, a luscious clinging, little slicking sounds as I feverishly moved my finger in and out, not sure what the hell I should be doing. The wicked smell of him triggering an orgasm like a supernova.

Penetrating no more than a centimeter, James probed gingerly. "He is clean, James," I said, fitting my right hand to his left.

Gently, I worked my middle finger in alongside his. Sebastian arched his throat, air hissing through his teeth. James kissed me, his tongue coiling in my mouth as our fingers mated, sliding one over the other like eels in oil. Unwilling to break the kiss, I patted the bed for the condom.

James caught my wrist. "Do we have to?" he murmured, nibbling my lip. "The condom, I mean?"

One time, my best friend, Adam, hooked up with a scorching piece of ass, a baby marine home on leave in Szczecin. An hour's making out, and the Boy Wonder's groin was soaked, squishy with precome. He must have felt the condom slide off his slippery dick but he carried on regardless, shooting his load in Adam's ass. The poor fucker must have sweated off five kilos waiting for the test result.

Kleenex, you're picking shreds off all night, so I mopped James with the sheet. "When is Sebastian and me together, no need. With other men, always." I positioned the disc on the tip of his cock and looked him directly in the eye. "James, condom always, you understand?"

He winced as the latex snagged a stray hair on his shaft. "There won't be any other men. This is a one time only thing for me."

Sebastian rolled his eyes and buried his face in the pillow. "Now. Slow. Slow so not hurt him."

The initial penetration. A man's ass opened by a superb cock, the crinkled halo forced inward. The rigid shaft disappearing with the first hard kiss of bush to buttocks. But Sebastian was trembling, the pain he was bearing for my pleasure showing white in his knuckles, the sheen of sweat on his face. The surge of love I felt for him then made my eyes sting. I had no need to, he knows what I feel for him, but I told him anyway. Our words of love are not for other men to hear, so I mouthed them against his temple.

*"Kocham cie, moj Sebastianie. Kocham cie."*

One hand on James's back, the other on my cock, I knelt and watched. And as I watched, and their moans and the lovely scent of their fucking spun my senses, it seemed that I merged with them, somehow became them. I took each savage thrust into my own bowel, felt warm rectal flesh engulf my own cock. In and out, James's asscheeks hollowing. In and out.

In and hold, his pelvis grinding an ecstatic figure-eight. Out. In. A long slither, all the way out.

His hands on his hips, James considered his cock. Freed from pressure, the pale tip had instantly purpled with engorging blood. Sebastian groaned and his asshole clenched weakly, sending a trickle of melted lube down his balls. Maybe later, if my luck held, I'd get to see something even better: cloudy drops of my own semen oozing from that ravaged gape.

James smoothed the wrinkles from the condom and turned to me. "Will you lie on him?" he whispered. "On your back?"

I settled on Sebastian's chest. I raised my legs, and he caught them and held them wide in the ancient offering, one man to another: erect cock, balls tight in their liquidy sac, yielding anus. Which? *Which?* James lowered his head, and I felt the fleeting touch of his tongue on my ring. I fisted my cock off my belly and stood it upright, watching the glans swell out of its hood. When men pig out on me, all drool and slobbering gulps, I'm wary of teeth, so I kept my hand in place and pressed the other to James's forehead to control his descent. No need; he took me neatly, with finesse, firm lips and quiet tongue drawing me in with gorgeous, tugging sucks. His fingers crawled on my sac, rolling and cupping the plump eggs, squeezing harder when I gave a mewling gasp of pleasure. Suddenly, he fumbled at my fist and peeled it away from my shaft. "All of it, please, let me..." But he came up as fast as he'd surged down, retching from the touch of my cock at the back of his throat. Scarlet, eyes watering, he grinned dopily at us and wiped his hand over his mouth.

Sebastian nuzzled my ear. "For that you will need to practice, James, eh?" He hooked a better grip on my knees and shifted under my weight. "Better for now you fuck him."

Although I was beyond ready, my asshole soft and dilated, the shock of James's entry clenched my belly into cobblestones. It wasn't so much his size—you ever have a Polish builder's fist in you, you'll know size—it was more his extraordinary hardness, as if a warm steel dildo had been slid into my guts. I closed my eyes and surrendered to sensation: one cock moving inside me, the other humping my tailbone, the thin, slicing pain in my anus seasoning the pleasure. James fucked me straight-armed, staring down into my face. The faintest scent came from him, some kind of sandalwood. When he leaned forward to kiss Sebastian, I licked the mat on his chest, coarser, denser than Sebastian's silk. His nipples were salty little dots on my tongue.

Deep in my groin the tension grew, waves coming fast, overlapping, gathering strength. But already James's rhythm was faltering, his thrusts

becoming shallow and erratic as he struggled for control. The first glimmers of my impending orgasm faded and, god, I needed to come. Sensing it, Sebastian's arm tightened around me. I covered his other hand with my own as he began to jack me, giving my glans the light, glancing slips with the ball of his thumb that bring a climax to sear the flesh from my bones. And suddenly we were separate, selfish, each man hurtling alone to the edge and the fall into oblivion. James hunched forward again and opened his mouth as if to catch my semen. With a wrenching cry, he drove into me one last time before freezing. But when, seconds later, I came, he was howling, and Sebastian's hot wetness was spreading on my back and my own heavy load was spurting, spurting through my lover's fingers and my own.

A couple of months later, Sebastian and I picked up a long-term contract in Holland, skilled work on a hospital complex near Leiden. We were sorry to leave England but it was time to move on. A hike in pay, a great apartment and, when the mood takes us, more blue-eyed, fair-haired Dutchmen than we can shake a stick at. No-brainer. And James? He meant what he said. Reading between the lines of his emails, we deduce there have been no more encounters for him. But he's accepted our invitation to visit us in July, and then, who knows? James is standing at a fork in the road. Priest or man, faith or flesh? Will he remain steadfast to his lonely vocation or embrace the warm, messy, glorious uncertainty of the love between men? Who knows. His choice.



# Hot Man Boulevard

Jacqueline Bocker

Summer hit Paris with an oppressive heat that at first came as a relief after a chilly spring. Then complaints about the sweltering air came thick and fast. The city wanted to exhale, but hot air would only rush in, stultifying the inhabitants.

In his tiny flat—one of the old converted servant's quarters in what really should have been the roof but was still deemed, by French standards, livable for a human being—Chris sweltered and his stubble itched. His little fan gave off slow channels of air, sporadically cooling his sweat. Despite being alone, he kept his shorts on, though without underwear, and the T-shirt had come off two days before. He only pulled it on when he finally descended to find a brasserie for coffee.

Once there, Chris ordered an espresso and a glass of water and sat back, watching the customers around him in the heat-haze. The waiter, midforties, had one of those tight French waists and a face of taut skin with a deep tan, offset by shorn gray hair. Chris looked at him and thought he'd be too dry, like papery bark. And too proper. And most likely straight.

Chris tugged at his T-shirt, pulling the material off his skin to allow some air in. He waved his hand in front of his face like a fan and made a loud sighing sound. Heads abruptly shot in his direction: a beautifully-coifed teenaged girl, two women in their forties in Capri pants and white sandals, a man in his sixties in a suit, whose features were tomato red but who was clearly determined to remain suited despite the weather. He gazed lazily at them all and realized he was the only one wearing flip-flops, and his shorts were, well, *short*.

He leaned forward heavily with his elbows on the table, sighing loudly again, ignoring the glares. Six months in Paris and he'd grown used to the expectation of outdoor behavior that didn't exist back home in Brisbane, where as long as you didn't get naked in the street (in broad daylight—a night on the town and you were probably forgiven) you could pretty much do as you pleased. Chris—well, the Sensible Chris that unfortunately had

the better of him most days—would never have done such a thing, but he wasn't above giving a couple of Parisians something small to mutter about over their coffees. He could always pull out the dumb foreigner act if need be.

Then the gravelly rumble of a Harley broke the air.

Chris snapped to attention, as did the other customers and the waiter. No one saw it yet, but everyone's heads darted to seek it out. Soon enough, the bike zoomed into view, began to slow down, and the Harley and its rider pulled up on the part of the pavement set aside for bikes and scooters.

The Harley was a vision, with its chrome pipes and gleaming red body, sleek and shiny. Chris had grown accustomed to the mopeds and scooters that populated Paris: the classic, the modern, the three-wheel jobs, the ones that made Paris look fashionable and sleek, but never dangerous. A motorbike, however, Chris had not seen since leaving home. The sight of this one, and its helmeted, leather-decked rider, was an aberration, an injection of something rough and tumble into a world of high-minded thinking and dreary sophistication.

Oh god, it made him hard. He didn't even have to see the rider's face for his erection to fully engorge. The leather pants, those boots and the jacket were formfitting. Sensible Chris said it was probably some dude in his fifties, and, really, Chris wasn't into Daddies.

He might give this one a chance, though, he thought.

The rider peeled off his jacket first, the leather as reluctant as the skin of an orange to leave his flesh. It revealed bare arms, pale skin, muscles like tree branches and a leather waistcoat, not even done up in the front. Only a trail of hair in the center of the rider's chest—and it was an impressive chest, not broad or imposing, but open and taut, commanding.

When the rider took off his helmet, Chris had to cross his legs, heat be damned, because not to do so would have let the whole fucking world know he had a massive hard-on for this blond biker, with his lean, fighting body and hair that should have died out with the last of the eighties rockers, but instead made him look nothing short of glorious.

Sweat fell from the biker, dripped down his face. Sensible Chris thought it was the bloke's own fault—leather, in this heat?—but it made him look like he'd just stepped back from a really good fuck. The image slammed into Chris even more when the biker flicked his tongue out to lick the sweat around his mouth.

Chris could have licked it all off of him, from head to booted toe.

The biker packed his helmet away in the back compartment. The other

customers had stared when he pulled up and dismounted, but apart from Chris, were now back to their own conversations. The waiter rolled his eyes and went back to his job, flitting from table to table.

Chris expected the biker to sit down, but instead, he stopped still—more like posed, jacket over his shoulder, one fist on his hip—and gazed around, panting a little. Chris felt the heat emanating from him, seemingly unsure if he wanted him to look over at Chris or ignore him.

The biker suddenly grinned and strutted to the fountain.

*Yeah, you gorgeous thing, strut like you're on show*, Chris thought. He expected him to dip his hand in for a quick splash. But then the jacket hit the pavement, the biker's hands braced on the ledge, and suddenly he was dunking his whole blond head into the water, one leather-booted leg kicking up in the air like a dog taking a piss on a tree.

And he might as well have taken a piss on a tree from the sudden gasps of shock and horror around them. There were mutterings of "*Mon dieu*" and other exclamations as the biker proceeded to shake his head in the water. It was as if the fountain was a mouth accepting his head, the biker juddering against its vicious bite as it tried to devour him.

A violation of a social contract had occurred. You could delicately splash at the water in a fountain, but you sure as shit don't use one like a private basin. The Parisians around Chris were staring, waiting to see if the biker would emerge, clearly hoping that he might drown instead. Then the blond mane arced up. The raised boot came down. His now-wet hair rose like a whip and slapped down on his back, and the biker shook himself, drops of water flailing around him as he audibly moaned. *Like he was fucking coming*, Chris thought. *Goddamn it*.

The biker rubbed his hands over his face before sweeping them over his forehead and then down his long hair, smoothing the water all the way through to the tips. Then he shook himself down with abandon. Someone said something, loudly. Chris couldn't hear what, but the biker grinned and turned to the woman, in her Bermuda shorts and gold sandals, and, shrugging, said, "It's hot, madame."

Chris, understanding the French perfectly, laughed. The lone laugh. Again, everyone turned and looked at him. The biker included. It was his stare at Chris, the calm *Are you serious?* look, that shut Chris up. Chris tried to lean back easily, eyes averting from the biker.

He could only manage for a moment; the leather, after all, was like a magnet.

The biker sauntered to the nearest chair. He let one leg lie across the

wicker seat next to him. The waiter narrowed his eyes and coughed. Another shrug, this time bored and *I really couldn't give a fuck*. The waiter rolled his eyes and went back inside. The biker sniggered and leaned back on his chair, arm across the back of the other, staring out at the traffic and the passing pedestrians, some of whom were giving him sideways glances, curious stares. These didn't seem to faze him, and in a few moments the waiter plunked a cup of coffee and a glass of water in front of him. Chris frowned. The biker hadn't ordered anything, and Chris had been paying attention. Chris looked up at the waiter, quizzical, and the waiter shook his head as if to say, "What can you do?"

The biker only had eyes for his coffee. He picked it up, inhaled, smiling, took two sips and then looked straight at Chris.

The gaze was so striking that Chris didn't have time to pretend he wasn't staring. Instead, he swallowed, his eyes unable to leave the biker's face. It was no longer cool and casual, but serious, penetrating. More than a little threatening. *Hot*. Chris inhaled, filling his chest with warm air, and hurriedly picked up his water glass, drinking too quickly and spilling some down his chin.

The biker smirked and raised his coffee in a mock *cheers*. Chris bit his lip, but still couldn't look away. He waited, he was waiting, but for what?

He soon got it when the biker leaned forward with his elbows and winked.

Chris knew that was a signal, and while Sensible Chris quietly shut off the shield that stopped fluctuations in the gaydar, it didn't make him relax. Instead, a tingling hummed between his toes and right up to the spot behind his neck. He was assaulted by visions of himself braced up against the bike, the biker's wild head between his legs, thrusting his mouth on Chris's cock, sucking like a vacuum. He was thinking desert, sunset, gnarled bushes and scrub, parts of the Queensland interior he'd seen as a kid. Not that he was going to find anything like that within a fifty-kilometer radius from this spot.

His eyes darted to where the Harley stood. It was a gleaming silver-and-red beast next to the scooters. He went back to the biker, who'd followed his gaze. The biker nodded, swung back his coffee and then, water glass in one hand, moved like a panther through the chairs and sat opposite him before he could say anything.

The glass clanked on the table and the biker leaned back, grinning.

"You like my bike." Statement, not question, though in his beautifully lilting French, it made Chris's cock throb.

It took Chris a few moments to respond. "It is a very nice bike." What the hell, like he was complimenting him on his latest tie. Like this guy ever wore a tie.

"You're not French," the biker said. Chris shook his head. "Australian." "Ah. Kangaroos."

Chris normally would have rolled his eyes, but instead nodded.

"Lots of space to ride in Australia. The...Outback?" He said the last word in English.

"Yes, that's right. The Outback." Where the fuck was this going?

"You like bikes?" "Yours is nice."

A quirk of his mouth, and he said, in English, "You wanna go for a ride?" It would have sounded cute had his voice not been so deep, like the hollows of a canyon.

Chris wanted to say—but Sensible Chris stopped him—*I'd much rather ride you*. "It is very hot. Too hot to ride," he said instead.

"I manage."

Chris said, a little bold, "In leather?"

The biker chuckled. "Still need to protect myself." "You could still take it off."

"And you'd like that, I think."

*Um...*

The biker leaned forward and spoke softly so only Chris could hear him. "I said, you'd like that. To see me undressed." Chris couldn't move now. His fingers clutched his water glass.

It felt like it was boiling under his hand.

"Yes. Yes you would. You want to see me undress. And then fuck you. Maybe I could do that right now. Will I take you to the fountain, bend you over and fuck you with everyone watching? I could do that, you know."

Sensible Chris reasoned that even the French weren't that liberal minded. Chris himself believed that the biker would probably do just that if he didn't say anything.

Chris leaned in closer and said, "Be better if it was on your bike."

"My bike is very precious. Couldn't get it dirty. And I think right now you are hot and dirty. Let me fix that."

And without warning, the biker picked up his water glass and tipped it straight over Chris's head.

The water crashed over him. The shock of the cold and the bits of ice startled him. Chris made a sound, half yelp, half bark. His vision blurred as the water splashed down his front and back, soaking his hair and shirt.

Drops caught in his beard, small as it was, and he shuddered, the blessed relief of it, even as the gathered customers gasped and the man next to him leapt up to get away from the water.

They would have been kicked out, even if Chris hadn't glared at the biker, making a thumbing gesture down the road.

"My place. Since your bike is too *precious*."

Euros clattered to the table, and behind them quiet mutterings from the customers and *tut-tuts* from the waiter faded quickly away as the biker, hands in his pockets, kept pace with Chris.

He'd never picked anyone up so publicly before. "It's a small place," Chris said.

"It's Paris. And you're not making me dinner."

They got to the entrance, and as Chris keyed in the code for the front door, said, "I'm Chris."

The biker clearly thought about it before giving his name. "Jean-Baptiste."

French names had a way of sounding way too classy for the people bearing them.

The stairs were like a mountain hike, Chris's cock growing heavier in his shorts with each step. Jean-Baptiste stepped close behind him, breathing on Chris's neck, brushing a finger over the back of Chris's T-shirt.

When they reached the top and Chris's room, Chris turned to Jean-Baptiste, expecting a falling into each other, a violent clash of limbs and tongues and hands. Instead, Jean-Baptiste gave the eleven square meters a sauntering tour, peering out the window, scanning the desk, inspecting the tiny fridge. He pointedly ignored the little bed, practically a cot.

"You have beer?"

Chris frowned, but before he spoke, Jean-Baptiste had opened the fridge and was yanking a 1664 out. He grinned. "Bottles too." From out of his pocket came a Swiss army knife, and in seconds he had it open and was sucking down the bubbly foam.

Chris folded his arms and tapped his foot. Jean-Baptiste gave him one of those *Yeah-what?* looks, but before Chris could sigh, frustrated, Jean-Baptiste was in front of him, kissing him with an open, beer-tasting mouth and pressing Chris against the door.

There was the friction of Chris's stubble against Jean-Baptiste's smooth cheek. There were their bodies, still sweaty, Chris's T-shirt sticking to him from the water, his shorts clinging even as his cock was desperate to spring free. It rubbed against the thin material, aching to breach the denim of Jean-

Baptiste's jeans. His right arm felt the cool of the beer bottle Jean-Baptiste still managed to hold. It was the one cold part of his body.

Jean-Baptiste swung back and dropped to one knee. He pulled Chris's shorts down, and Chris groaned as his hard cock at last was released. His foreskin had crept back, making the head prominent and red. He bucked his hips forward, hoping Jean-Baptiste's mouth would open willingly, but Jean-Baptiste instead pinched the base with his still-gloved hand, holding the cock still, and held the beer bottle alongside it.

Chris beat the door with his fist as the chill rocked from his cock up his spine. "Holy fuck!"

Jean-Baptiste smiled and rolled the bottle down the length and nudged it back and forth around the corona. Chris hissed between his teeth and grabbed Jean-Baptiste's shoulder with one hand as he braced the door with the other.

"Jesus...Jesus Christ," he gasped.

Another smile, and Jean-Baptiste rolled the bottle around the head—a brief relief, the sensation not as cool or sharp—then down the other side. The same act was repeated on the edge of the corona, like he was trying to pull the mushroomed head right off Chris's cock. Chris kept hissing, wondering when it would stop, hoping it wouldn't.

When Jean-Baptiste did finally cease and desist, he swung the bottle to his mouth and gulped down half of it. His Adam's apple bobbed, his cheeks were concave and all Chris could think was that his cock would fit so well in between those lips.

He was so fucking grateful when Jean-Baptiste passed him the bottle and told him to drink and not spill anything, then sunk his mouth onto Chris.

The wet heat brought Chris back to full attention. He tried to drink as Jean-Baptiste sucked, tried not to choke as Jean-Baptiste started alternating between bobbing up and down, actually sucking with his lips, to tonguing his foreskin and pulling it up over the head and back down again. So fucking good it almost stung the rest of his body, almost burnt Chris all over.

Jean-Baptiste pulled back. "Drink. All of it."

Chris obeyed, and as he chugged back the last of the beer, Jean-Baptiste deep-throated him. Chris swallowed, trying not to choke as Jean-Baptiste's cavern of a mouth and throat undulated around his cock. He didn't cough when the beer was done, but expelled a long stream of steam-like air, sounding like an engine about to explode.

Jean-Baptiste relented and Chris sagged back, bottle still in hand. Jean-Baptiste caught him, stood and urged him toward the small bed, pulling his shorts all the way off.

“T-shirt,” he said.

Chris obeyed, leaving the bottle to one side. “Lubricant?”

Chris went to stand. “I’ll—”

One hand pushed back on his chest. “Where?” Chris pointed. “Bathroom.”

Jean-Baptiste went, leaving Chris on his elbows, naked and desperate to come. He found it swiftly and came back, tossing it next to Chris, and finally removed his leather vest, though not the gloves.

Naked waist-up, his still-wet hair falling over his shoulders, thin lines of blond hair over his chest, Jean-Baptiste looked like a wildcat: lean, ferocious, hungry. Chris lay back, the willing prey, his legs opening farther without him thinking about it.

Jean-Baptiste crouched between his legs and gave his cock one long lick. Chris bit his lip. Jean-Baptiste unpeeled the glove off his right hand, then picked up the tube of lube and spread a dollop on Chris’s hole. It was warm from the heat of the room. Chris waited for the gentle prizing of Jean-Baptiste’s finger, but instead, Jean-Baptiste pushed two of them right in and crooked them upward.

“Oh god!” Chris stiffened all over, but the digits slid in with little resistance.

“Good, yes?” Jean-Baptiste spoke in English as he held his fingers still, pressing right on Chris’s prostate. “You like?”

Chris nodded, the only part of his body that moved, except his cock, which jerked a little at the sound of Jean-Baptiste’s voice. Jean-Baptiste noticed the twinge, and curled his leather-covered hand around Chris’s cock. The sight made Chris’s balls tingle.

Jean-Baptiste leaned forward and said, “Good.” And he began to move his fingers in and out, in and out, slow and steady.

Chris fell back on the bed, his elbows giving way. Jean-Baptiste’s fingers worked him without allowing a moment’s breath, pulsing right into Chris’s prostate. His hand pumped, squeezing Chris’s cock in counter-time to the pulses. Chris could have died happy there and then, with the heat of the room, the leather rubbing up and down along his cock, the long fingers inside him, and above him, lion-like, Jean-Baptiste with his wild hair, grinning with all his teeth, nodding with each jerk Chris made, each time the pleasure heightened, each new rise to the peak.



Suddenly, he hit said peak. Chris came, his ass gripping on to the fingers, his cock spurting come onto the black leather of the glove, Jean-Baptiste laughing with proud, arrogant pleasure. He withdrew his fingers and held his glove up to Chris's mouth and told him to lick it. The leather's strange smoothness and rough taste mingled with the tang of his come could have made Chris hard again.

Then Jean-Baptiste pulled open his fly, which was all buttons, his own cock bursting free from a thatch of dark-blond hair. He knelt on the bed and reached to grab the back of Chris's head.

"Now you suck."

Exhausted but willing to comply, Chris's body shook as he turned over and took Jean-Baptiste's cock—delightfully musky, salty and sweaty—in his mouth. He did so little work, as Jean-Baptiste thrust his hips against Chris's face, holding his head in place, that Chris only had to relax his throat as it went deeper and deeper inside. It didn't last long. Jean-Baptiste came quickly, not pulling back from Chris, making him swallow everything. Sensible Chris squeaked about STDs. Chris himself drank with relish, even pulling back to give Jean-Baptiste a few final, cleaning licks, a cat lapping up the last of the milk.

They met each other's eyes, Chris staring up, gasping, stunned, waiting for the biker to make the next move. Jean-Baptiste smiled, smug, and bent down, taking Chris's cheeks between his hands as he kissed him.

"Now," he said, against Chris's mouth. "We shower."

Chris expected that after they washed—squashed together in the tiny square of the shower cubicle, each nuzzling lazily at the other's neck—Jean-Baptiste would up and leave. After Chris sought some food for both of them in the fridge and found none, and they went to the brasserie opposite from where they'd met, he expected Jean-Baptiste to head over to his bike, suit up properly and ride off down Boulevard Saint-Germain.

He expected the same when the sun started to go down, the heat mercifully dropping a little, when they left the brasserie and went to a bar two blocks down. They drank Belgian beer as Jean-Baptiste sat with his hand on Chris's thigh, occasionally smiling at the stares from others and raising his glass with a wink.

He didn't expect, however, Jean-Baptiste to finish the glass and turn to him and tell him to go back to his room, put some jeans and strong shoes on and meet him back at the bike. He obeyed, even as he imagined that he'd arrive back in the street to find Jean-Baptiste gone. Instead, he found him leaning on the bike, helmet on but visor up, a spare dangling from his

hand.

Chris glanced back to the brasserie they'd sat at. The waiter was still there, looking at them, shaking his head, somewhere between perturbed and amused.

Chris pulled the helmet on. "Where are we going?" "Anywhere." Jean-Baptiste pulled his visor down and eased the bike upright, kicking up the stand. Chris got on behind him, at first gingerly taking Jean-Baptiste's waist, until Jean-Baptiste pulled his hands forward so he had a firm grip. The Harley veered off the curb into the traffic. The heat of the day vanished as air rushed cool around them, the bike throbbing under his thighs, and Chris smiled under his helmet, clinging to the warm and solid form of Jean-Baptiste in front of him.

# Feygele

Alex Stitt

I study men like an ornithologist studies birds. The blushing robin, twittering with excitement, the mysterious, yet all too obnoxious crow, even the balding vulture, pecking at my body for some small morsel of affection—all fly in this menagerie of men. And like an ornithologist I tour, Europe mostly, working as a travel writer, though the most exotic species I ever found was in an alley of London proper.

I had just ended a three-month relationship with a leggy, flamingo-like drag queen, and was on my way home from a disappointing rebound date with a staunch penguin trying so comically to act straight. It was raining at dusk. I was dreaming about real Mediterranean sunsets, since there was no sun in Westminster's overcast sky, only an eerie, gray hue before nightfall.

From the queer, neon-lit nightclubs of Soho, I dashed over to Covent Garden, having rented an oversized closet with a radiator that my landlady boasted as a flat. I was almost home when firelight exploded between two buildings. Looking over, I saw the usual flock of drunks and ravers, starry-eyed with lager and ecstasy, just as a second fireball illuminated the brickwork. Back-alley street-performers weren't uncommon in Westminster, though few were bold enough to bring fire. I would have walked on had I not caught sight of him.

Trailing two flaming chains along the ground, he spun in a crouched circle, his excess fuel flaring a crackling ring around him. He was black and wet, and as he rose the flames swung from his hands, illuminating his body with dancing shadows. Unlike certain flashy flamingos, this one lived for physicality, but he wasn't like the cockerels I saw prancing in the gym; he was lean, sylphlike. Muscles would have only gotten in his way, and when he moved the fire orbited his graceful motions. I would have liked to think he saw me, but I was just another owl-eyed figure cooing at a distance.

Wrapping myself up in my scarf, I continued on home.

"You got a haircut. I like the faux-hawk thing. It suits you." "It's just

easy,” I said as Michael leaned into his end of the

webcam. He was clearly in Japan. I could tell by the paper lanterns decorating his fantastic view of a room. We’d dated, briefly, after discovering we were both travel writers aboard the same cruise. He was a hummingbird type, fluttering from cocktail glass to cocktail glass with seemingly endless energy. He approached sex the same way, and I found myself quickly kissed, topped, adored and abandoned. And now? I was just one of his countless webcam friends, smiling back at him, though he was the only one I had left.

“So are you gonna talk about it, feygele? Or do you want me to just leave my laptop on again? I could, you know.”

I winced. Feygele was his little nickname for me, an odd derogatory nicked from his Yiddish grandmother. He said it was cute. He said it meant “little bird.”

Behind him, the raised outline of a bedsheet revealed the pert arse of his latest dozing flower. Sometimes he left his webcam on so I could spy on mute, jacking off to his exotic Asian adventures from my pathetic, box-room flat.

“You would like this one.” He grinned. “He’s got tattoos. I think he might be in the mafia. So if I go missing, tell the children I never had that I died doing what I love.”

“Rimming?” “Rimming Yakuza.”

“Model parenting,” I said, defogging my glasses. The square frames were starting to bend, but I couldn’t afford a new pair. Not until my next assignment, anyway.

At least the radiator kept the place hot.

“So you dumped the queen?” he went on, raising his 7:00 a.m. coffee.

“Her majesty reigns no more,” I nodded, opening a 10:00 p.m. beer.

“I thought you liked that one.”

“I did. He just liked himself more.”

“Well, darling, this might just cheer you up.”

Six thousand miles away, on the far side of a lagging Ethernet connection, Michael slid aside his bedsheets, revealing his guest’s morning wood. Most cocks I’d encountered lilted to one side, but as he rolled over, it stuck straight up, inviting Michael to lick his way from base to tip.

The guy was ripped, with a swath of geisha-koi-fish-dragon tattoos wrapped from his back to his pelvis. His spine arched as Michael slid his lips up and down, simultaneously holding one finger in front of the laptop to shut me up. With his face in a bush of uncut pubes, he hit the mute

button, hiding my little screen. I could still see everything, but Michael's guest couldn't see me.

Sliding my hand into my jeans, I ran my palm along the length of my shaft. I typically liked to jack off inside my clothes. The friction against my inseam rubbed in just the right way, but tonight I was restless. My date had been a bust. Penguins made poor substitutes for flamingos, and I hadn't been laid in a week.

In the land of the red sun, Michael was performing his famous hummingbird lick-fest, with one hand cupped between the Mafioso-samurai's legs. Michael had a talent for fingering and sucking in one bobbing, harmonious motion.

In London, I stroked, half-mast. I wasn't ungrateful for the game, but my heart wasn't in it, and I tugged at my foreskin now and then to remind myself what I was doing. I remembered when I used to be Michael's little feygele, his one and only little bird, but I was tired of being kept. Michael said I was a pragmatist. He said I was a sparrow.

Raising my fist up and down, I leaned back in my chair. I could feel my balls getting tight, but I knew Michael would finish him before I even got close. Hummingbirds, after all, were never known for their patience.

Trying to coax myself on, I licked my hand, wetting my palm to give my head something smooth to rub against.

The rain pattered, I turned, and there, outside my fourth-floor window, was a pair of eyes nestled behind a grin.

Freezing in my chair, I stared back. The face disappeared. There was a thump and a scrape as a length of chain slid upward.

Blinking again, I saw Michael on my screen, throat-deep in Nihonjin cock.

Grabbing my glasses, I shoved the window open, fighting against its half-rusted springs. Poking my head into the rain, I saw the fire-dancer climbing up the fire escape. He was wearing a short jacket and carrying a heavy rucksack, his springy black hair catching raindrops.

"Hey!" I called. "What are you doing?"

"Your fly's open," he said, swinging away from the ladder with one hand, if only to grin at my erection.

Tucking in and zipping up, I looked out again, just as his metal chains rattled over the roof.

Michael gasped, come dashing across his pixilated grin as he glanced sidelong at the camera, but I was already gone.

Rain hammering my shoulders, I crawled out onto the metal platform. It

was the last stop before the roof, but the whole ladder felt like it would pull off the wall. Climbing up the old rungs, coating my hands in orange rust, I made it to the rickety summit, vertigo and trash cans below.

The top of my flat was an abandoned nest of TV antennas, some generations old, shoved in next to a row of grimy satellite dishes. A chimney stack in the corner grew an outcrop of moss, and to its left someone had tied a blue tarp between the stacks, a few cinder blocks and an overflowing bucket of rain. Beneath the weighted canopy was a camper tent, unzipped. A flashlight fumbled around.

“You’re that fire-dancer, yeah?” I asked, approaching slowly. “Do you live up here?”

“No,” he answered, pulling a canister of fuel out of his back-pack. “Do you typically follow homeless black guys?”

“Only when they live on my roof.”

“Name’s Adrian,” he said as I crouched in front of his tarp. The whole tent smelled of musk and sandalwood—not unpleasant, but certainly unwashed; he remedied his need for a Laundromat with incense. “You want to come in?”

I paused, pretty sure that was supposed to be my question, but Adrian seemed sweet. His eyes were young and hopeful, and he smiled easily. If I had to guess, I would say he was twenty-two, possibly second generation English-Jamaican. His features were naturally boyish and his body was new, having only just come into itself. His nose was broad, flaring whenever he was excited, and his face bore a symmetry so striking it would have been disconcerting had it not been for the single mole just below his left eye.

Sitting down on his sleeping bag with my feet outside the tent, I surveyed his little home. There wasn’t much to it. A stray box of groceries sat by a drying pair of sneakers, and his only pillow was a large hiking pack used for carrying his gear.

“Those are poi, yeah?” I asked, pointing out his metal chains. “I saw some guys in Corfu who had some.”

“You like fire?” “When it’s done well.”

“But that’s not why you followed me up, yeah?” he asked, with a slight grin.

“Why were you spying on me?”

“No reason. Just getting done for the night. See a hot guy jacking it, why wouldn’t I look? You watched me when I was dancing. I figure a show for a show seemed fair.”

“You remember me, then?”

“Gray coat with the scarf and the hipster hair,” he said, his grin growing wider. “Yeah, I remember.”

“My name’s Paul.”

“Do you like magic, Paul?” Agreeing that I did, I watched him peel off his wet coat. He wasn’t wearing a shirt underneath, and I was starting to wonder if he owned one. “It comes with a price, though.”

“A price?”

“I need a shower and a dry towel. Can you do that for me, Paul?”

“That’s all you want?” “No, but that’s all I ask for.”

Grabbing a bottle from his pack, he slid on a thick glove made of several cotton and leather gloves shoved one inside the other. This he dunked in the bucket of rainwater outside as the continuous shower poured over his skin, forming rivulets from his shoulders to his chest. No part of him feared the rain, though he waited for the wind to settle, his dark brown eyes intently watching the clouds.

“Get the lighter, would ya?” he asked, pouring isopropyl over his layered hand. “Coat pocket.”

Fumbling with his abandoned jacket, I found the lighter along with a handful of stamped bus passes. The wind had died, but the flint was wet, and I had to flick it a few times to get it going.

Dropping to his knees right outside his tent and right in front of me, he held his glove over the little flame. A blue fire ignited, searching over his fingers until his whole mitt was alight. As he ran his burning right hand up his naked left arm, I saw a trail of fuel dance and flicker across his skin. Amazed, I watched as he squeezed his gloved fist, causing a waterfall of burning blue to trickle into his other hand, where it vanished like a tiny ghost.

Thinking he couldn’t get any hotter, I watched him splay his blazing fingers across his chest, rubbing the fire into his abdomen before twirling his arms in a raver’s dance.

Knowing his audience, he unbuttoned his trousers, letting his cock swing down. It was thick and heavy, not overly long, but dense enough to cause my nervous, lip-licking pause. His entire abdomen was shaved clean, or perhaps burned clean, denoting how often he played his fire games. Again, his burning glove washed his front, following the V-line of his stomach to run his palm over his cock.

“Doesn’t that hurt?” I asked, barely able to look up. “Always,” he smiled, blowing out the last trail of flickering,

blue fuel. The firelight died. His glove steamed. All I could smell was the overpowering alcohol residue as I stared, hypnotized by the most beautiful boy I'd ever met.

Removing his glove, he looked up, his whole body exposed to me and the rain and the night. It was then I realized his mole wasn't a spot but a tattoo, a teardrop reminiscent of some far-off prison. But Adrian, whatever kind of bird he was, would never warble about a cage.

"You want to come back to my flat?" I asked, sitting in his tent.

Standing, slick with the worst of British weather, he walked to the ladder, his pants held up by nothing but the tension of his hips.

"You first," he said as I blinked away from his penis. He wasn't going to tuck it in.

As I climbed down, I couldn't take my eyes off him. He had a perfect bubble-butt, adding curves to his naked back. On the grated platform I stopped. He turned, grinning his infectious grin, before slowly lowering his body, from cock to navel to chest to chin to lips, where I kissed him. His mouth was larger than mine and twice as eager. He sucked my bottom lip and pushed back, causing the whole fire escape to creak.

"Come on," I said, pulling him through the window of my tiny flat, past my computer—where Michael dozed in a crusted come-mask—to the stand-up shower in my tiny bathroom.

As I pushed down Adrian's trousers, he pulled off my shirt; we both stumbled under the hot water, my jeans still on. Laughing at each other, we fumbled in cramped quarters, my glasses dropping in a soap tray. I sucked his ear, he bit my neck, I clawed his back, he grabbed my shoulders and shoved his pelvis into mine. With my clothes off, our cocks rebounded against each other. We were comparable, about seven and a half each, but his black shaft turned pink below the head with a line of thick, circumcised scars.

Squatting low, he mouthed my cock, pulling my hips forward by sheer sucking tension. Grabbing his short curls, I held his head, blinking through steam to see odd burn marks across his shoulders—pink against his deep, black skin. There were still soot stains from his earlier performance, quickly washed away by my pawing hands.

As he rose, I spun him around, planting his hands on the shower wall. Lathering his back in soap, I traced the scars with curiosity. This was, it seemed, where some long ago fire had marred his perfect body. Slick with lavender-suds, I reached between his legs. Everything was hairless and smooth, from his perineum to his arse, and as I rinsed with one hand I



pumped his cock with the other. He grunted, his knee bent, and I swiveled my fist—screwing down over his head, sliding up, screwing down and sliding up, until his grunts became moans.

As I turned the showerhead first on him, then me, we rinsed off. I stepped out and threw him a towel, as promised, though he only dried his hair. Wet and steaming, he crouched forward, shoved both hands between my legs and picked me up with his forearms like a forklift, hurling me back onto my bed.

Reaching up, I dragged my suitcase over by its strap, pulling out a condom and holding it between us. His decision was thoughtful but quick, and he pushed it toward me. Sliding the latex over my shaft, I slicked my cock with saliva. Neither one of us had lube, but he didn't seem deterred.

With my tip against his opening, he dipped his hips, resting and testing as he tried to find the right angle. I felt a pulsing pressure clench around my cock, then he finally relaxed. He was pushing himself too fast, and for a moment I lifted my hands off his thighs.

"Doesn't that hurt?"

"Always," he whispered, leaning down to bite my chin. All mouth and fervor, he gasped as I sucked his lip and drove my penis into pure heat. His whole body clenched.

Maybe it was the shower or the fire or our searching need, but his entire body radiated an almost scalding temperature. He felt slick and red-hot, his muscles tightening around my shaft. He felt like the inside of his fire-glove. Rounding my hand over his thick butt, I kneaded and pushed, but his skin was just so hot. His chest flushed red, but he didn't stroke his cock, he just held on to himself as if at any moment he might burst into flames.

Momentum bound, I thrust, driving into a confusing fire of pleasure and agony. I was hurting him and he loved it. Bouncing a few times to shake himself out, he dropped his body again, pressing his forehead against mine. So as not to lose an inch to that near-searing warmth, I slid lower on the bed, lifting my legs to pump into him. He wasn't trying to escape, but he could only take so much without overheating.

What was once water had now become sweat, and he seized up as I fucked him again. A whirling frustration came over his dark, angelic face. His weight caused my legs to drop flat again, and he rode me. Raising his arms, as if gravity had suddenly forgotten them, he balanced momentarily, all motion centered on his rolling hips. He was dancing, literally dancing on my cock, hitting some place I wished I could feel in his internal furnace.

Then he grabbed the back of his own head, his elbows thrust out. My

shaft drove as deep as it could go. I could barely hold on. I could barely move, and I was half-afraid to try. His concentration was fantastic; his arse tightened, his torso locked and his bouncing, black cock shot three times, spattering my chest and my stomach without a single hand on the trigger.

The convulsion rattled through him, and with each hot blast dashing across my front, he stopped and released and stalled and fired my orgasm, chopping one large, jaw-dropping combustion into a jagged series of tremors. I cried out, I bit my own lip, my eyes rolled and I pumped his arse trying to chase the last flickering spark.

The fire liquidated. I slid out. Adrian propped forward, holding himself up on shaky arms. Taking the back of his head, I pulled him in, allowing him to collapse on me in a trembling, twitching calm. He looked both contented and excited. His cock throbbed peacefully against mine, but his eyes were wild again.

I couldn't explain that expression, though I've spent years trying to fathom it. Hawks have preyed on me, owls have examined me, but in that moment he consumed me as if burning away whatever question or fear or regret I could ever have. Then he smiled and nestled against my shoulder.

*"Ohayou gozaimasu."*

Looking up, I saw a Japanese man in a white bathrobe waving through the Internet.

"Bravo, feygele," Michael applauded. "Bravo!" Half-embarrassed, half-amused, I tossed a pillow at my

computer and listened to the rain through the open window. Overheated, overworked and overstimulated, I slipped into the soundest sleep I'd ever had—and that was my great mistake.

When I awoke, Adrian was gone. Dawn had brought with it a new shade of gray, and when I climbed up the dripping fire escape, I found nothing. His tented nest had vanished, tarp and all.

I spent the morning checking every major bus stop from Soho to Hyde Park until I got a phone call from a client to review a hotel in Ibiza. Over the next few nights I kept searching for a fireball, a spark, a hint that I would ever see him again, but I never did.

Some birds you only see once in a lifetime.

# The Man in Black

Gregory L. Norris

The man's face changes, but his suit somehow stays the same.

You're sitting in a diner, you and the man in black; you, hypnotized by the preternatural color of his eyes, which never blink, him in that dark suit, a crisp, tailored number that fits his body to perfection, highlighting his many magnificent attributes—not only his guns and his chest and his muscled ass, but also his athlete's legs and his balls, which hang loose and prominent beneath the no-less-spectacular front of his crotch, the outline and gravity of his dick pulling at your eyes. Clearly, that suit cost him some serious money—though it may end up costing you far more, you fear, unable to look away, almost unable to remember the otherworldly lights you saw up in the woods, in the sky, the flying vehicle at the source of those lights that wasn't quite in the shape of a saucer.

“Are you thirsty?” he asks, his voice a deep, familiar baritone.

You've already got a glass of water in front of you, and try to not think there's some hidden meaning in his question. *Thirsty for something more? For him?* One of his big hands absently scratches at the lump of his crotch. You steal another glance, feeling your lips curl in a smile. You've always gotten off when a >man—a man's man—handles his nuts. It's a ridiculous, straight man's thing, like grunting or sniffing the toes of discarded socks to determine just how dirty they are, but it pushes all of your buttons in proper sequence as you fall deeper under his spell.

That black suit material reminds you of outer space, a star map missing the stars. The buttons are planets and moons. His flawless white dress shirt is linear time, the thin black tie cutting through its center at a slightly bent angle, a tunnel to travel through. The shoes on his big feet are so shiny, so polished, they remind you of something that should be within easy grasp, but isn't. Shoes. Leather, but not leather, not really. So shiny, so sharp, like the man in the black suit. A trace of clarity cuts through the fog. What are shoes but a method of transportation to get the wearer from Point A to Point B? A vehicle. *Space vehicle*, you think, your eyes falling into the

glossy black shine of his shoes.

As though sensing the raw emotions that threaten to consume you, the man reaches lower and scratches at his leg, an action that causes his cuff to ride up, exposing a hint of hairy shin and calf. He's wearing dark socks, but the socks, unlike the rest of his attire, are frayed, and you catch a glimpse of ankle through the gaps. Thoughts of extraterrestrial spacecraft and what happened out on Sawyer Avenue retreat back into the ether.

You remember Mister Hunt, your teacher, and that particular math class, way back when. Mister Hunt was an attractive man, a bachelor. In math class that day, he called upon you to answer a question, only you weren't ready. Six times six? You were fixated on the image of his ankle, visible through a frayed sock, not the number thirty-six.

You force your eyes back up. "You look familiar," you say, your lips feeling flabby, flaccid, stung with Novocain. The sensation is like trying to talk while dreaming.

The man grins, revealing a length of white teeth, the gesture more snarl than smile. All you can think about, apart from the miserable itch emanating from your erect cock, is how much he looks like Mister Hunt, and how desperately you want to kiss him on that beautiful mouth, surrounded by the prickle of five o'clock shadow at whatever time this is. There's a clock on the wall behind the cash register, but it's lacking hands. A calendar hangs beside the clock, though the days and dates are blurry.

"Hey," he says, and repositions his hand on your knee. "You okay?"

Electricity ripples through your blood and bone and over your flesh, the wave both icy and hot at the same time. You are drawn back to his eyes. He looked like Mister Hunt a second ago—or was that an hour? Now he's Tom, the tall ex-soldier, ex-husband of an ex-best friend, that guy you fell madly in crush with for a few years, back in your midtwenties. Tom, who was always scratching at his balls, who played sports with his Army buddies, who, a couple of times, you caught sniffing his dirty sweat socks and whose socks you, more than a couple of times, exhumed out of the laundry hamper to also steal whiffs. Tom, with his neat mustache.

One winter, he grew a beard and, for months, you masturbated dreaming of the tickle and scrape that your then-best friend surely felt when he ate out her pussy, only you imagined it rippling across your most sensitive flesh, Tom's beard unleashing pinpricks as it scraped around your asshole.

You blink, and the man in the black suit now sports a beard. You gasp, drawing in a deep breath. On it is the pitch-pine scent of male sweat, fresh and arousing, that heady natural cologne of a real man—a man's man—you remember from Tom when he walked into the house after mowing the lawn

or chopping stove lengths for the fireplace.

“You’re...” you begin, but it’s no easier to speak now than those few minutes/hours earlier.

“I?”

For an instant, the man in black hesitates. And his face isn’t there, only his clothes: his dark star suit and flying-saucer shoes and that crisp white shirt with its narrow passage of time through the middle, and those buttons, six in all, which remind you of planets, terrestrial ones—Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Pluto. Today’s greatest scientific minds no longer believe that Pluto is a real planet, but fuck it, you think; the man in black does, and his opinion matters. It isn’t the fifth button that concerns you, anyway, but the sixth, at the very bottom, just above his asteroid belt—buttons, in a line, laid out like planets on a map, galactic reference points. What’s the name of that sixth terrestrial planet-button? Where is it located? Would you even be able to pronounce its title, like its native inhabitants could?

Your attention wanders and, you think, maybe the bit of mind reading on the part of the faceless creature beside you, touching your leg, works a little in your direction as well. An elegant word drifts through your thoughts. A second after you experience it, the word is gone. Verdigris? Perigee? Perihelion? Heliopolis? No, that last name owes to ancient Egyptian mythology. The name of Planet Six is not a word or name for humans or human lips. Still, it’s up there in your gray matter, and perhaps you’ll be able to remember it once you’ve nuttled, once you’re home safe and can jack one out, tug on your balls, dream about Tom and Steve and—

He has a face again, the man in black. Now, he looks like Steven Ranley, that dude you grew up with who became a cop, joined up after 9/11: the guy who led you on, let you get only so close before he pushed you away. Steve Ranley, only he’s dead. KIA in the desert, in Iraq, you read. Yet here he is, seated close to you, his hand scratching at those big nuts you never got to suck and wanted to so badly. Steve, with his buzzed black hair and twin sapphires for eyes. Star sapphires, you muse, high on his piney sweat, the scent of his male skin. Those eyes sparkle with eight-point compass stars. Steve Ranley had the biggest, sexiest feet you’d ever seen before meeting your friend’s husband, Tom. Big feet, hairy legs. All those toggles triggered and buttons pushed, you gasp his name.

“Steve?”

“I am every man you have ever wanted, never gotten, but will have tonight. Say yes, and we can leave here, and we’ll create the best memories, enough to sustain you. Nothing unrequited will haunt you for the rest of your life.”

“I saw something,” you babble. “Tonight, walking along Sawyer Ave. Near the conservation woods. The hiking trail. In the big field, there was...”

You don’t finish your statement, as the balance of hot and cold within you unbalances and cold crawls over you. *Choose your words carefully*, a voice in your thoughts warns.

You look up, into his star-sapphire gaze, and melt. “Steve,” you sigh and boldly reach up, cupping his cheek, loving the scrape of his five o’clock shadow beneath your fingers. “I’m so happy to see you. I’ve missed you.”

The cold passes. The man in black takes your hand in his, kisses your palm, fixes you with a stare that further hypnotizes you. “That’s right, babe. It’s me. I’m here. Nothing to worry about. I’m gonna take you home, take good care of you. Stick my cock down your throat, fuck the shit out of your face, your asshole. After tonight, you won’t remember what you saw in the field, only that we were together again, over coffee in the diner, and how we fucked for hours and hours. For years.”

He takes your hand, pulls you into a tight embrace. The fabric of his suit caresses your bare skin like feathers. Or fur. *Scales?* You smell his flesh up close and it bewitches you. The word *synthetic* crosses your mind, worrying you for all of a second before his cock stabs against your thigh and primitive lust wins out. You reach down, fondle his thickness, tickle his balls right through his trousers. He permits it, groans. After all, it’s not as if there’s any reason to worry. You’re the only souls in the deserted diner, which probably isn’t a real diner, any more than his thousand-dollar duds are really a man’s suit.

A space suit, perhaps.

“Come on, babe,” he growls in your ear, kissing your head while you rub his cock and get high off his hot male scent. Even his voice seduces. You fall into the black hole he is dressed in and your world evaporates, leaving you imprisoned in his.

It’s your little home, your place on Sawyer Avenue, which runs along three hundred acres of conservation woods, meadow and hiking trails. You try to stay fit, so you jog up and down the trails and hike the woods, in love with nature but also trying to keep in shape just in case you one day encounter a man like Tom, like Steve. Hell, you’ve been dreaming about your archetypical man since Mister Hunt’s classroom, when you caught that flash of ankle through sock and realized that not only did you love the male physique, you loved it so intensely that even those parts of it normally

deemed ugly or aberrant by polite society stiffened your dick. What normal male finds another male's feet attractive? Or his hairy athlete's legs? What man craves another's musky natural odor?

What's *normal* about anything on this night?

It's a little house, with a pair of bedrooms and a view of the woods from the back deck and a bed in the master suite big enough for two, though usually occupied by one. You've brought home a hot guy on the rare occasion over the years, but no one who compares with the men you've really wanted but didn't want you in return—the ones who would fill that black suit brilliantly and tonight do just that.

It isn't Steve who waltzes you toward the bed, his big feet in those magical black shoes backing you closer to the edge of the mattress. Now he's some dude with perpetual bed head and emeralds for eyes who you've jerked off to on the television. He's in a commercial, hasn't shaved, a real red-blooded, beer-drinking, he-man sort of dude.

"Hey, buddy," the guy says, a new swagger in his voice. He places both hands on your shoulders and guides your ass down to the bed. Once you're in position, he rakes his fingers through your hair, unleashing pins and needles, which cascade all the way to your toes. He then scratches his nuts. "See this? It's yours."

You unbuckle his belt, the leather cold beneath your touch, slick like a length of polished rock. Again your imagination dreams of an asteroid belt. You undo it, unzip his fly, listen to the cool, jangling melody as his expensive and illusory pants fall around his ankles, revealing black boxer-briefs beneath—of course, they are black! Because that's what turns you on the most. None of that bikini shit.

Steve wore red ones, with dark blue piping around the edges and the piss slit. You nicknamed him "Spiderman," and it stuck, right to the end of your friendship. Tom, you know from your many secret missions to the laundry hamper for his dirty sweat socks, wore tight whites. Black boxer-briefs are your absolute favorite, though. They shift, becoming red with navy highlights. And then they're white, plastered to Tom's tight male flesh, and he's urging you on, yours at long last, calling you, "Dude," like he did in those other times. Just a regular guy, Tom was, with above-average good looks and nuts as big as baseballs—a man's man. And this man belongs only to you on this night.

You press your face into those tight whites, inhale his musky scent of balls, curls and maleness through a thin cotton filter. Only now, the man's underwear is black again and he's that actor you dream about. You gaze up and he smiles down at you, nods. Time slips further off its tracks as you

draw his black boxer-briefs lower, exposing his thick pelt of dark curls, then his meaty dick, with its thick shaft covered in ridges and veins, gorged in blood, pink in color, verging on purple, the slit of its classic head leaking nectar. Finally, a set of stones, big and loose and ripe with scent, as you've always imagined, spill out.

You lean forward, press your nose against the man's balls, inhale. The underwear around his hairy ankles is again red with navy piping. You think about how, on that summer sleepover while you and Steven Ranley, your handsome buddy, were roughhousing, he wore those same boxer-briefs. He was Spiderman, your very own misunderstood superhero. Your dicks ground together, and you, thinking you'd been granted permission, seized hold of your hero's cock. For a second or so, Steve allowed it. But after that, there were shouts and insults, and your friendship—what you hoped would go beyond simple buddy-buddy stuff—officially ended.

Not so now. The only commentary he makes as you lick his sweaty briefs and draw the straining head of his cock between your lips passes in the form of groans. They're deep ones, manly acknowledgment that what you are doing is not only accepted but appreciated. His taste ignites on your tongue, better than you ever imagined—and you've dreamed about this moment for so very long. Every time you took a dude home and sucked his dick, you half-closed your eyes and thought of him as Steve or Tom or that hunk in the commercial. Sometimes, yeah, Mister Hunt. When your tongue traveled into a hairy asshole or between toes or under armpits, you were worshipping someone else. A phantom. A bogeyman. Which is what you're doing now.

"Oh, *fuck*, yeah," he sighs above you, Tom once more. He could be running the bases or rubbing one out, you think—picking his toes or scratching his nuts, maybe fucking his wife, except they aren't together anymore. She's moved out west and he's with you. His flesh tastes better than any you have known—or will again, you worry.

You savor his balls, working behind them, your sniffs and licks growing steadily more rabid as you near the territory of his asshole. There is no greater intimate act of worship than going there, than worshipping a man's hairy shitter, you've always believed. Sensing this, the man in black pulls you off his flesh, but only long enough for you to remove his shoes and to fully work down his pants and underwear. You catch a hint of hot, buttery sweat, that smell of a real man's foot odor that flips toggles, pushes buttons—a primitive fetish written into your genetic code.

"Yes," you gasp into the strange mix of energy and light flickering through your house.



Tom-Steve-the Actor pulls you into the bed. He assumes a jaunty pose, with his hairy athlete's legs crossed at the ankles, his big sweaty feet bared at the bottom of the mattress, propped up and waiting to be worshipped. Yours, all yours to enjoy.

"Tom," you whisper, adding, "Steve," on the inhale.

You lick, sniff, rub, growing high off his scent. All hot, manly jock-dudes have stinky feet, you've told yourself for years. And sweaty nuts. Any and all assholes taste the same. So when you've passed hunky he-men in town or on the hiking trail or seen them on TV in beer commercials or pitching for the hometown team or thought about the ones that got away, you've smiled to yourself and jerked your dick, knowing exactly how any dude, all dudes, smell, how they taste.

You're in bed with all of them, licking every hot, sweaty foot of every handsome man on the planet. You tongue your way up every hairy leg on every attractive man you've ever pined for, making your way not to two balls, but two million. Another solid suck of his cock—their cocks—before you lower for a taste of his asshole. It's as hairy and sweaty as you hoped, and you lick the alphabet in circles around its crenulated knot—multiple assholes, and maybe multiple alphabets, one not of this Earth.

While squirming, clearly enjoying the attention, the man loosens his space-bending tie, unbuttons his white-singularity shirt. Buttons/planets fall out of their holes/orbits. New constellations form in the T-pattern of hair superimposed over his muscular chest. A treasure trail of fur slices him down the middle, toward Orion's Belt. The hair-ringed belly button among all that steely abdominal muscle is, you're convinced, a worm-hole linking one quadrant of the galaxy to another, a gateway to a distant realm populated by sentient life forms you can't even imagine. Except that you do, for a fraction of a second, because while eating his hairy asshole, he lets slip a little of that two-way mind magic. Multiple alphabets. The name you couldn't remember, the one attached to that sixth shirt button, the one that hovered over his belly button/wormhole until he launched it out of orbit, again slips free of the shadows and past the forefront of your mind's eye.

Qua-Halos.

There one instant, gone the next, it jumbles again, like bingo balls in a spinning wire cage. *Declination. Regolith. Verdigris. Ambergris...*

You devour Tom's asshole, its pungent funk on your lips making you hunger for more. He's Tom. Then he's the pitcher with the hot, high butt and the shaggy mop of hair and the giant cleats you masturbate over during

the baseball-game broadcasts. He's that horse-cocked porn actor who did mostly straight work but went gay-for-pay enough times that he became one of your favorites, a horny hetero dude willing to bust a load down another male's throat under the right circumstances. You believed Tom might, too, when he was part of your past. You eat Tom's hole in the present. He shifts shape. Mister Hunt. Handsome Mister Hunt.

The man sits up, extricating his asshole off your starving mouth. Moving around stirs his masculine scent: feet and balls, asshole and armpits. He maneuvers you onto your spine and then tears off your clothes. He's now that guy who lived upstairs at your first apartment after college, after Steve. What's his name? While undressing you, you remember: Chris. Once, he left his steel-toe boots and a pair of socks outside his front door to air them out. You snuck up there after lights out, having seen them while getting your mail, too tempting a lure to resist. You sniffed, jerked. The odor of his feet, so hellish to Chris that he'd banished his boots to the welcome mat outside his front door, was heavenly to you.

Chris was a man's man. And a dog. How often you listened to him fucking one hot piece of tail after another, sometimes two at a time, his bedroom over yours. Here he is, removing your underwear, baring your ass. He smirks, studying your entrance, still Chris.

He's Tom again when he steals that first shuddery lick, his scruffy winter beard beyond brilliant. You howl, very nearly come. Only the prism lights skittering overhead, walking along the ceiling and around the walls, lights where none should be, a glow from another world, cool your excitement.

He eats your hole, fingers you. Such long and capable fingers he has. The image of a knuckled tentacle briefly flashes through your mind. You kill it, and it's Steve down there. The actor, his mouth sopping with your taste. The baseball pitcher. Mister Hunt.

Tom rises up from between your legs, his hard cock metronoming back and forth, telegraphing what is to come. He crawls over you to offer a kiss, the scrape of his hairy muscles both electrifying and also curiously featherlight, as though you're about to be fucked by a ghost. Or a hologram. Or your own fertile imagination.

You've always been a dreamer, but you didn't hallucinate what you saw in that field, right after twilight, when you came out of the woods along Sawyer Avenue and thought what you were seeing couldn't be possible. A planet has jumped down from the sky. A perfectly round orb, sitting upon a plate. No, a saucer. You stared at it long enough for the sky to darken. There's a gap in your memory, and then you're walking on, long past your

home. You encounter a diner you've never visited before and probably wouldn't find again if you searched your entire life. There, you meet this man dressed in black, a man impossibly handsome. He's every man you've ever wanted, in one.

A dream, truly, you agree, your gaze falling into the lights. It must be. Crazy shit like this just doesn't happen, not to regular people like you. You chuckle, your asshole again being tasted and lubricated by the tongues of a million rugged jocks and soldiers and cops and straight dudes. And you also remember that this was the state where Betty and Barney Hill were abducted along a similar stretch of remote country road decades earlier. Not that time matters now.

"Hey," Tom says, pulling you out of this thought-thread. Tom, handsome Tom...how convinced you were that you

loved him. Just like Steve. And, lately, the dude in those TV commercials. Tom and Steve and Mister Hunt and the actor and the baseball pitcher and the porn star and a million other men maneuver up from between your legs and assume position, their cocks entering you. The flash of discomfort transitions to a rush of intense pleasure. You moan a rosary of expletives, feeling the rub of his dick's head intimately against your prostate. Busting is not going to be a problem; it's inevitable now. The man fucking you is a master at magic.

Stopping the climax once it rolls over you might be impossible. And when you ejaculate, will you be able to come back down to Earth? You're in bed with every man you've ever wanted. Who in their right mind would think of leaving?

"*Babe*," Tom grunts, on top of you, his heady male stink filling your next desperate sip of breath.

You gaze into his eyes, falling into those twin vortexes of moody gray-blue. The meadow? Lights appear in Tom's eyes, mimicking the ones on the ceiling, the walls, running in spectrums and sparks around the bedroom.

"You okay, babe? You able to take it? Take my big old dick, dude? You like the taste of Tom's stinky jock feet? The scrape of his beard on your shithole, pal? You like having me"—(*He* and all those other *hes*)—"bone-deep in you, buddy?"

You either close your eyes or spill past the lights, into the dark realm behind them, to that dark planet with the haunting name beyond the curvature of space, beyond his belly button, through the wormhole. Briefly, you knew the name of that place, but it's gone now, locked in a mental box for which you have no key.

There's only the dark, elegant and black, like his suit—his suit, and his big feet, his hairy legs, his balls gonging off your ass, his handsome face, all of their faces. All of their cocks, filling you but also taking something *from* you as they work around inside your core, your head, leaving you happier than you've ever been before and slightly less than you were before you returned home with him/them.

"Yes," you sigh, hoping you'll remember this part of the encounter when the long, strange night comes to an end.

# Like Magic

Salome Wilde

Though I'd laid my arm across my eyes and could not see, I could feel the waxed ends of the great man's mustache brushing my exposed belly before tickling the dark hairs that trailed from my navel down to my groin. That groin, and specifically my quickly stiffening shaft, was next exposed to receive the warm breath of his broad nostrils and parted lips. I shuddered as his brash sounds of delight poured over me.

"What is your name, boy?" he asked, deep voice inflected with a rich Romanian accent.

I was dizzy with desire, but the question startled me back to awareness. Eyes still closed, I whispered, "David."

The maestro laughed again. "Are you afraid to look at me, David?"

Was I? Perhaps. If I gazed openly on the object of my deepest desires, would he vanish like the eager volunteers in his Cabinet of Mystery?

\* \* \*

I'd revered vaudeville's most illustrious magician from the time I grew clever enough to sneak out of school and into the matinee show at the Grand Theatre. There he received top billing and a devoted following. Now, a decade later, I'd been thrust into an adulthood that failed to live up to my expectations in many ways. I was forced to obey the strict, mundane masters of law under my father's watchful patronage. The realities of tedious studies hastened me toward a future of dull routine and weighed me down. I daily longed for the magic of childhood, encapsulated by memories of the wonders of Mayer the Magnificent. I nightly worshipped the recollections my imagination conjured of the deft flick of his wrists, his thick, curling hair, and a smirk that hinted he knew all the secrets of the universe. As I summoned his visage, I would stroke myself to release, peaking with the childish but earnest wish that some miracle would turn my hand into his.

Torn between duty I loathed and escape I needed like air, I managed one

night to return to the Grand, where the object of my longings still performed. No longer star-billed, he was at least given a respectable place in the show, and his face—in a vivid drawing I remembered from so long ago—was still on one of the sandwich boards advertising the “Best Show in the Big City.”

Once I had looked upon this man with eyes so devoted and earnest I feared a jealous and vengeful God would strike me dead for it. But now I stood firm before the bright marquee, admiring his portrait with a more mature awareness of his handsome, foreign mystique. And even God couldn’t compete with Mayer, a man who wooed me with skills more miraculous than any summoner of staff-into-snake or burning bush. My own snake, suffice it to say, stiffened at the mere thought of him, my very soul ablaze.

So it was—cap in my lap to cover my arousal—as he took the stage amidst a poor smattering of applause in the theater that had grown dingy in my years of absence. Still, Mayer the Magnificent shone, performing many of the tricks I remembered well, and a few I had never before seen. His face was lit with mischief, as he played his part with an earnestness that made it more than real. Through glazed eyes, vaudeville’s virtuoso relished his admirers, however few—or perhaps, as I looked around me, mostly imagined. When he requested a volunteer from the audience in a commanding tone, it seemed he could still see dozens upon dozens of hands rising before he’d even finished his request. Among a few others, I stretched my arm high, hoping that I would be chosen, though I despaired as he selected a pimple-faced shop girl—pushed forward by her wise-guy beau—to join him on the stage. My heart, and my erection, sank.

As he concluded his act with a flourish of his red velvet cape and a deep, theatrical bow, I felt numb, unsure whether to stay or go, though I knew I could not face a return home to the books. Minutes or hours later, after scarcely seen songs and dances, comedies and capers, I rose to make my way to the exit, turning up my collar against the brisk winter air. As I stepped onto the pavement, a man came up beside me and tapped my shoulder. I spun, startled at the sight of a beefy, stubbled stranger who simply stared back. He handed me a small note with weary determination and then headed to the alley around the corner. He was, I concluded, a stagehand.

Life surged back into me as I thanked the God I had so long abused, taking this missive for a sign. I tore open the small envelope with haste and beheld the contents within: *Dear Boy, please do me the honor of visiting my dressing room for a private act, at which time your generous offer to*

*volunteer will be most graciously accepted.* It was signed with a massive, curling *M*.

\* \* \*

"I'm not afraid," I murmured to the great magician, opening my eyes to meet the close, leering gaze that threatened to devour me whole. I took in the powerful stare of his dark, almond eyes, sloppily lined with kohl. There were wrinkles at their corners and between unruly brows that I could see were pencil blackened, surrounded by pale skin, evened in tone by ample application of cake and powder. His carefully styled mustache faced the threat of encroachment by the hair spiraling from the nostrils of his long, sharp nose. The sly curve of his wide, reddened mouth revealed uneven teeth ravaged by a smoking habit to a patchy caramel. And, yet, aging and earthly failings could make him no less magnificent in my sight.

"Sir," I ventured, my voice bringing into concert in a single word the awe of my boyhood and the longing of my untested manhood. "Will you share your secrets with me?"

He threw back his head and laughed with stagy splendor. Then, cupping my face in his hard, papery hands with their horny, overlong nails, he leaned into me as I lay passive yet wildly eager on his musty divan. My pulse raced as he placed a firm, ardent kiss on my waiting lips. From his fleshy, knowing mouth I tasted vodka and cigarettes and passion. When he pulled away, I could see the impressive bulge in his worn black trousers.

He pulled the suspenders down from his bony shoulders and over the starched white shirt, unbuttoned at the collar to expose hints of silvery chest hair. I tried to steel myself for whatever would come next, but my imagination, I had suddenly to confess to myself, had never reached beyond his fingers replacing mine around my stiff member.

I bit my lip and watched as he brought his fingers to unbutton his trousers. I shuddered involuntarily, while he cocked his head and grinned. I felt a fool, so unprepared, embarrassing myself before the master of my heart. He shook his head, loosening a thick curl that fell down over his left eye, revealing gray roots even as it softened his appearance, melting my heart and hardening my resolve even more. Without a word, he released the grip on his trouser button and knelt before me. "Dear, dear boy," he cooed as he reached between my legs.

I arched into him, my eyes drifting closed once again. I was unable to stop my body from seeking what it had so long anticipated. My idol was here, stroking me, warmly and surely, tapping his fingers gently up my

shaft as he went. I could not hold back a moan.

He answered my call. "That's good, isn't it?"

His voice encouraged me, both soothed and roused me. His question reassured any doubts about my "performance" as it hardened me further. I could feel myself swell.

"You're going to spill soon, aren't you, my lad?"

My lips parted, but I could not speak. The room spun and my head swam with images of wands that sprouted into bouquets and doves flying out of handkerchiefs. He bent and filled my gaping mouth with his thrusting tongue, and my every muscle locked in response. Before I could address the fear of making a mess all over his chest as it pressed against mine, I was peaking, pulsing out a spray of desperate devotion and joy at the end of innocence.

I labored to catch my breath as I shook with the after-pleasure of release. I felt my benefactor rise, making amused sounds of mock dismay. I heard him walk across the room, though I could not yet find strength to speak. As I lifted my heavy lids, I saw him as in a dream, undressing quickly as he hastened to his dressing table, where he pulled open drawer after drawer in search of something. I could not imagine what or why, for the world had become only the glorious beating of my soaring heart as my mind drifted and my body lay limp. Suddenly, Mayer the Magnificent once again stood before

me, entirely naked but for his ample, thickly swirling body hair, a blend of black and gray and snowy white. His thick erection stood proudly from within its curling nest. He handed me an unlabeled, half-full bottle of some viscous liquid. I stared at it uncomprehendingly as he made his way to my feet and quickly removed my shoes and socks, tossing them away as he whistled some exotic tune. Next came my trousers. Finally, he gaily took the bottle from my hand as he told me to take off my unbuttoned shirt and come to my hands and knees on the divan. I obeyed in a haze, unable to do or even consider anything other than submission to the magician who had already fulfilled my wildest dreams. Still, when he took a lubricated finger and began to insert it within me, I gasped and flushed hotly, realizing in that instant that my innocence had hardly yet begun to be breached.

"Relax," he intoned as he pressed down on the small of my back so my ass jutted out, fully exposed to his whims.

Though I might have resisted his intrusion, I allowed myself to be calmed, to accept Mayer's power as I held myself up on shaky but determined arms. I closed my eyes and envisioned myself onstage, the eager volunteer, honored to be chosen. I arched into first one slick finger



and then two, hypnotized by the slow, sure rhythm of the master.

I could feel his smile as he murmured, “Good, good,” and increased the pace of his thrusts.

The world spun. My lips parted and a sigh escaped.

“You are under my spell,” he encouraged as he stretched me wider, twisting in a third, slippery digit that seemed to reach my very soul.

I felt the slack softness between my legs suddenly swell into an aching stiffness, even as I feared I might swoon. I was lost to myself, tossed into the Cabinet of Mystery without hope or desire of return. “I’m yours,” I heard myself whisper.

I listened to Mayer’s low chuckle before the fingers were suddenly withdrawn. Blood pounded in my ears as I tried to find my bearings, but all was dark behind my lids and I could not open them. Mayer’s hand grasped my hip firmly as I felt him join me on the divan, nudging me forward as his bristly thighs parted mine more wildly. A moist, blunt knob nudged at the hole so recently plundered by his fingers. I held my breath and gritted my teeth. I had been wrong: I was not within the Cabinet; I *was* the Cabinet.

“Breathe.” The command was stern and clear.

I inhaled, raggedly. The knob began to force its way in. I whined in fear.

“Relax, boy!”

I knew I was displeasing the aged magician, but it hurt. I was on fire, burning with pain and the need to obey. The knob stopped its pressure, though it did not withdraw. I hissed out a breath, and then forced my jaw to unclench. I took two, then three, deep breaths. The pain remained.

“That’s better.”

The praise soothed me as the knob shoved through the tight band of muscle and I cried out. I wondered if I could endure the initiation, when, as if he knew my panic, Mayer’s hand reached beneath to stroke me. As the ache shifted slowly from sharp to dull, his talented fingers coaxed me back to hardness.

The conjurer of my dreams then began to rock me, body against body, filling me beyond sense, and I surrendered to the mystical rhythm. He pumped and ground, wheezing with effort as I panted beneath him. Woolly hair tickled my cheeks as his balls slapped against mine. We made glorious music from our gaping mouths and our sticky bodies. Faster and faster we raced, he stabbing furiously and I grinding back, both of us soaring, apart and together.

At last, when I thought my arms would buckle, I felt my eruption near. New and terrifying, the feeling was incomparable to the little spurt into his

hand that had been as far as my child-like imaginings could take me.

“Oh yes!” Mayer spat, and I felt his thickness swell and his movements grow wild and frantic.

Before I could grasp the significance, I felt myself thrown over the edge into a shattering, roaring eruption. Only seconds later, the magician followed, groaning as he shook and spasmed inside me. Waves of pleasure flowed over and through me. I grew heavy and faint.

When Mayer withdrew, I was startled back to wakefulness. “Get a cloth,” he puffed, pointing vaguely across the room. I wanted to rest, to flip onto my back and lie on the divan until the room stopped spinning, but he was insistent, and I could only obey.

As I rose, wobbling to my feet, I saw again the dingy dressing room and squinted up at the stark yellow of the small, dusty bulb hanging from the ceiling. I made my way to a small folding screen, over which hung a musty towel. When I returned, thinking to clean the mess I had made on the divan, I found Mayer lying on it, lighting a cigarette. The circles beneath his eyes were darker than ever, the wrinkles like great mountain crevices against the flickering match light. He puffed from between the tips of sticky, shiny fingers, and blew smoke through his tobacco-stained grin.

I brought the towel to him, but he shrugged it away. I used it to wipe between my legs, then tossed it aside and sat on the chair opposite him.

“So,” he declared. “How did you find the show, my boy?” I paused before I answered, taking in the decay and squalor

of the little room, breathing in the cloying odor we’d roused together and feeling a kind of base decadence that throbbed within me. There was only one expression for it: “Like magic.”

# Nothing to Lose

Dale Chase

Unlike Keith, I had nothing to lose. I'd broken up with Tom, so sex for me was unencumbered, while Keith had a partner, Bill Forney. In fact, their wedding was in two hours.

I'd known Keith Dunnock longer than Bill had, and far better. Thus, when I drove him to the Regency Hotel, where the ceremony was to take place, I wasn't surprised when, soon as he got into my car, he began to unzip. I calculated we had fifteen minutes.

I loved Keith's pile-driving cock. At twenty-four he was as rampant as a teenager, which, I'm sure, was why Bill, at forty-five, wanted to legally snare him. While Keith stroked his dick in my periphery, I considered myself headed toward the pinnacle of distracted driving.

"One more," he said. He gave himself a few more pulls, then reached over to free me and set to work. I forgot to use my turn signal going from Second onto Broadway.

When Keith dropped down and took me into his mouth, I slid into a sexual blindness where traffic hadn't a chance. A honking horn caught me drifting into the next lane, and I yanked the wheel while squirming under Keith's attentions. Then at a red light this monstrous SUV pulled alongside and I glanced up to see a woman looking down at us. I offered a shrug.

I came a block from our destination, tapping the brake with my first spurt—or maybe it was the gas, who the hell knows. The car balked and horns honked as if celebrating the climax. Bucking in the seat, my foot tapping, we lurched down the street until I'd emptied and Keith pulled off. "Holy hell," I said.

"You're welcome," Keith replied after spraying jizz onto the dashboard.

I was happy for Keith and Bill getting married, mainly because it was them and not me wading into the quagmire. Tom and I had talked about it. Well, mostly he had, but it seemed more playing to the trend than any genuine commitment. I tried my best to dredge up respect for the institution because freedom to marry was important, but I hadn't been able to shake a

deep-seated resistance, even when watching the two grooms walk down the aisle hand in hand. And Keith was no help when he glanced my way as he passed down said aisle, offering more smirk than smile. I knew he still tasted my come.

Tying the knot was quick, the reception grand. The ballroom was circled with round tables, dance floor at the center, while off to one side sat a square-shaped cake that looked like a confectionary skyscraper. Champagne flowed and there was food enough to feed a small country. I knew most of the people, grooms' local family, mutual friends, but it was Keith's new brother-in-law that I fucked in the bathroom.

He didn't know me, having come up from San Diego with his wife, Bill's sister. Ruddy and blond, early forties, his name was Jay Costigan, and he reeked of straight-man desperation. When he offered me a sweaty palm that squirmed more than shook, I knew I had him. We exchanged pleasantries about the happy couple while he eyed me with abandon, and I wondered if his wife, a silky brunette named Beth, was picking up on it or if she was so entrenched in her marriage that she didn't bother with concern about a straying husband, especially with some gay guy.

I kept an eye on Jay as I made the rounds chatting, drinking, laughing and generally enjoying myself because every time I glanced his way I found him looking at me, sometimes while he spoke to his wife. Did she get that he was looking past her for something better? I thought of asking him to dance just to torment him, maybe sneak a grope right there on the dance floor, right there in front of Beth.

When he headed to the men's room, I followed, knowing he'd crave cliché bathroom sex. Sure enough, I found him in a stall, door unlocked, standing with pants down, hard cock in hand.

"You ever take a dick?" I asked as I got out mine.

"Not since college." He didn't stroke himself, just held on. "Good. Turn around."

He did as told, thrusting his bare ass at me while bracing one hand on the tile. He started pumping his cock while I got a condom on and got myself lubed. I always carried both, full service fucking for one and all. When I shoved into him in one mighty thrust, he cried out and sprayed spunk onto the wall, but I didn't care about him getting off; I was going to ride him so hard he'd want it again before the cake was even cut.

Others came in to use the facilities, which only added to the pleasure. Having come in the car, I wasn't quick, and I went at Jay a good while. At one point we had company of sorts, a guy in the next stall who, while taking a shit, got what we were up to. Soon came the sound of a hand

working a dick and the restrained cry of a good come.

“Fuck yeah,” I said so he’d know I was onto him. Once he’d finished there was a scramble to get pants up and flee. I imagined him rushing out into the ballroom red-faced and sweaty, his wife silently worrying over constipation issues.

Jay started grunting as I kept pumping his ass. Sweat was running down my back when the rise hit, and I rammed it home with a fuck slap that played off the tile just as the main door opened. I didn’t hear it close, the entering party stopping to listen to the climax before retreating. I issued a few grunts to give him a payoff.

When I pulled out of Jay he turned to watch me strip off the rubber, and I held it up to him since he seemed eager for all the show he could get. “Sweet ass,” I said as his gaze finally met mine. He blushed like a kid caught with his dick in hand. Suppressing a giggle, he pulled up his pants and hurried away while I took my time, washing up before a leisurely stroll back into the party. It was in full swing now, dance floor throbbing, Bill and Keith at the center. When best man Jeff Swain drew me into the throng, I managed to dance us over to the happy couple where I eyed Keith until Bill whirled him away.

“The happy couple,” I said to Jeff, who I’d known for ages. He was nearly sixty, and we called him Abby because he’d given advice to every one of us, Bill included. “Did you try and stop them?” I added.

“Of course not. I’d never intrude on love. You’re awful to even ask.”

“How about you?” I asked. “You ever want to get married?” Jeff may have given good advice, but he never took it himself, going through a string of young men who left him heartbroken. Shoemaker’s kids go barefoot, he’d said more than once.

“If the right man comes along and sweeps me off my feet,” declared Jeff, “I’d do it in an instant. How about you?”

“Nope. Not going there.” “Don’t let Tom ruin you.”

“Tom has nothing to do with it,” I snapped. The song ended a second later, and I sought more champagne.

I’d enjoyed a fine buffet, several glasses of wine and a slice of cake, when Beth Costigan asked me to dance. I glanced around for Jay and didn’t see him. “He’s in the bathroom,” she offered. “Too much champagne.”

I found Beth light in my arms as we danced to a slow tune I didn’t recognize. She had good skin and wore deep-red lipstick. “They make a lovely couple,” she offered.

“Absolutely.”

“You’re not bad yourself.”

I chuckled, caught off guard. “Thanks.”

“Jay certainly thinks so. He can’t seem to take his eyes off you.”

“Flattering,” I managed, and to change the subject I whirled her around a couple of times. But Beth Costigan was not a woman to be swayed, and as soon as we settled back into that tune I thought would never end, she took up her cause again.

“What are your thoughts on marriage?” she asked.

“Bill and Keith are made for it, very devoted. I think they’ll do fine, like you.”

“Nineteen years,” she said. “Two kids, two cars, house in the burbs.”

“Have to admire that.”

“You know, Alex, a good marriage isn’t built in stone, at least mine isn’t. A good marriage gives and sways, like skyscrapers here in California that are built so they’ll move in an earthquake.”

“Really?” I managed.

“You’ve heard that term *temblor*, haven’t you? Of course you have, you’re a California boy. Another term for quake, but it has a more friendly feel, don’t you think? More alive. I sometimes wonder how happy one of those is after it’s struck. Unless it’s a major event, it’s reduced to trivia. Oh, that was a three point two, no big deal, or hey, a four point five, bit of a jolt. Then the same old line about how temblors are good because they relieve pressure on the faults. Hah! Fault. That’s funny.” Just then the music stopped. I had no idea what to say beyond thanking her for the dance. I hurried to get a glass of champagne and watched Beth Costigan glide into a knot of people like she owned them. Then Jay came out of the bathroom sporting the washed-out look of a man who’s been on his knees at the bowl. He didn’t look for me or his wife. He took a chair at an empty table and stared at the centerpiece.

Jeff asked me to dance again and I then asked Bill’s mother Adele, who I liked more than any of them. Widowed and stout, she glided along in my arms and spoke with a throaty alto that was always welcome.

“They’re a marvelous couple,” I said of her son and his new spouse.

“Indeed,” she replied. “Bill is happier than I’ve ever seen him. I can go to my grave in peace.”

“I hope you’re not planning on that soon.”

This brought on her big laugh, as I knew it would, and she beamed, then settled in to study me. “I’m so sorry about your breaking up with your actor friend. Tom, wasn’t it?”

“Yes, Tom.”

“You mustn’t let it color your future, Alex. You’re a delightful boy, and the right man is out there somewhere, probably looking for you this very minute.”

“Of course,” I said. “Of course.” I then changed the subject, encouraging her toward tales of her lady friends, which ran like a geriatric soap opera.

When the song ended I escorted her to her table, kissed her cheek and fled to the garage situated one floor below. I’d seen waiters slipping out for a smoke and I joined them now. Tom had gotten me to stop smoking, and for our three years and one month together I’d obliged. Now I was nearing a pack a day.

The garage was gray, cool and quiet, a sea of cars waiting to flee. I sought a corner where I savored my cigarette, noting it a good spot for sex. Tom and I had done that at a wedding at the Hilton, fucked in a dark corner of the garage because we couldn’t wait a minute longer. We’d driven ourselves crazy at the reception, eyeing each other while chatting people up, eating, drinking. After a couple of hours it seemed appropriate to add fucking.

This occurred three weeks into our relationship, back when we couldn’t keep our hands off each other. I was crazy about him because he was all I’d ever wanted, darkly handsome with sharp features, wicked eyes and full lips. I remember the first time we met I thought how I wanted those lips to do things to me. But it wasn’t all sex. Our passions met other ways: he an actor who, at thirty-five, was making good after a long struggle, me an avid film buff. We both loved the beach, tennis and prowling art galleries. He was perfection, and after the garage sex he said he loved me and I moved into his shiny loft.

Garage sex has an earthiness to it, city man’s equivalent to fucking in a meadow. Car smells, be it oil, gasoline, grease, I really have no idea, bring a gritty feel to the otherwise hollow cavern, and I’ve found this much to my liking. On the first anniversary of our garage sex, Tom and I snuck into the Hilton and did it again in that same corner. And there it was, that smell, lingering, or maybe just trapped. I grew to crave it. Now I inhaled it as much as the cigarette smoke.

A waiter soon joined me, cute, sandy haired, with a light sunburn. He nodded as he lit a cigarette. “How much longer do you work?” I asked.

“Until they chase out the last guests.” He blew smoke with an audible breath.

“What else do you do?” I asked, because every waiter I’ve ever known was an actor, writer or painter.

He chuckled. “Actor,” he said. “Haven’t landed anything yet, but I make the rounds, attend a workshop. You know the drill.”

“Actually I do. My lover was an actor, but we broke up.” He knew this was foreplay, knew I’d suck his dick, and I

got how he was savoring the prospect. When I stubbed out my cigarette, I turned to him and moved in closer. He kept smoking, rushing his puffs, which confirmed he was up for it. Then he tossed the butt and unzipped his pants. I got that he wanted me to fish for him so I reached in, groped his half-hard cock, and brought it out to where I could enjoy it. Nice little number, good mouthful, and soon I was on it, licking and sucking while he issued little moans and thrusts. I didn’t handle my own junk; I just wanted to take him, and he ran a hand through my hair until he grew urgent. Then I was swallowing jizz while attempting to swallow his dick and losing myself in the act.

I kept on even when he was empty and he gradually eased me off. “I have to get back,” he said as I stood and he zipped up. “Maybe see you later,” he called as he fled. He was gone before I could reply, leaving me his taste and that goddamn promise. Tom had said the same thing after our first sex in the bathroom at a party. Maybe see you later. He’d then gone back to the festivities and I’d gotten so drunk I woke next morning among several other wiped-out guests, Tom nowhere in sight. I was a wreck until he called two days later.

Back upstairs I found the party going strong, music louder and faster. I wanted a drink, but paused as it meant washing away the taste of the waiter. The debate lasted just seconds before I hit the bar for a bourbon, neat. As I downed it, I heard Adele’s big laugh and turned to see her in the arms of Bill’s cousin Dennis, a fifty-something welder who was the only person present wider than Adele. The two were caught in some dance step I’d never seen before, not giving a damn how they looked.

As I took my second bourbon, the waiter whose dick I’d sucked sailed by with not so much as a glance my way. I’d have to keep an eye on him, follow him down to the garage if he took another break, and fuck him this time, fuck him good.

Time seemed to drag. Not that it mattered, as I had no place to go. I watched people mix and mingle, some now plainly drunk. One couple was getting loud, each accusing the other of being a problem drunk. And people were still wandering in, and I had to wonder where they’d been. Stopped off at a better party first? Making an appearance like celebrities? Or maybe



just couldn't get out of bed until now.

A single man came in, acting like he owned the place, tall and big chested. Holy shit, it was Vance Basch, or was it? Sure, it was him. How could I not remember the man who took Tom away from me? Vance Bitch, as I called him. I'd followed Tom one day when I found his work on a new film was a sham, there being no new film. He'd met Vance, who was newly arrived to seek his fortune onscreen. They'd hurried to a downtown apartment and not come out for hours. How could he show himself now? He had to know I'd be at the wedding. But wait, it wasn't him. No, maybe it was. Yes, it had to be. I moved closer to get a better look, but when he glanced my way, I stepped back, stumbling over some child. "Sorry, sorry," I said to the mother who scooped up her little bundle of joy.

I got a double bourbon and sat at an empty table just as Jay and Beth danced by. She looked triumphant, nose in the air, evil smile sent my way, while Jay appeared numb. She'd make him fuck her later on. That's what she was telling me. That's what he was dreading.

Bill and Keith were making the rounds, speaking to each and every person before making their grand departure to an upstairs suite. Arm in arm, they played their parts like the best of actors and then were at my table. "Alex, we're so glad you're here," said Bill. "It means so much for you to share in our happiness."

"Always glad to share," I replied, raising my glass. My eyes were on Keith, who snickered. "Anytime," I called as they moved on. Then Jeff Swain sat down next to me. "You little shit," he growled.

"It's noon," came the announcement. Fingers pinched my big toe and I drew up my leg, curling into a ball because I wanted no part of noon or any other time. "Come on, sunshine, the day beckons whether you like it or not."

*Go away, I thought. Fuck off. Leave me alone.* More phrases came to mind, but none got through the pain of a headache and the gunk in my mouth. My tongue felt so awful I'd have tossed it out if I could. Then a hand was on my bottom, patting gently. "Wakey, wakey," urged my keeper. "I think a hot shower is in order or maybe a warm bath. Anything to rinse the smell off you. Come on, open those baby blues."

It had to be Jeff. Was this his bed or mine? Oh Christ. I opened my eyes and there he was, washed and smiling like he'd had the best night of his life. No, not Jeff. Even drunk I wouldn't. Would I?

When he tried to get me up, I pushed him off, which broke through his

good humor. "Listen, Alex, you're in my bed and you're smelling up the room, so get the fuck up or I'll drag you out by your dick."

"You and who else?"

A hand went around my ankle, the grip iron, and I was yanked to full length, then pulled to the floor and left there. "Two minutes," Jeff said. "You're up and moving or you'll be sorry."

I wanted to challenge further, but wanted more not to be sorry, so I got to my feet, which sent my stomach to the depths. I ran for the bathroom and attempted to throw up, but found myself empty of all but a putrid bile. "You gave it all up last night," Jeff said from the doorway. "Take some water so you'll have something in there." He handed me a glass and I downed it, thirst now overwhelming. "Now get in the shower and clean up." He handed me a towel and retreated, leaving the door open. I closed it, then turned on the water and stepped in.

The shower revived enough of me to function, and I found a fresh toothbrush to scrape away the gunk in my mouth. I recalled the reception, which ran like a badly cut movie. Dick sucking, Adele's big laugh, Vance Basch. I thought of Bill and Keith playing house in their hotel suite. When I glanced in the mirror, I saw myself dragging, which led me to add up all I'd done. Jay Costigan, Keith, that waiter. Not a bad time, I decided as I dressed. I then went to find Jeff.

"Tea and toast," he said from behind his kitchen's tiny peninsula. It was the only eating spot in his studio apartment. I settled onto a stool and sipped the tea, which, after half a cup, worked its magic. "Some party," I managed.

"You could say that," replied Jeff. He stood-leaned against the counter opposite, cup in hand, studying me like he was about to pronounce sentence. Which he did. "Quite a time for you," he began. "How many was it? I only know about Jay Costigan, but doubt that was enough. Who else?"

"That's private," I said. "Public sex is far from private."

"How'd you know about me and Jay?"

"I followed you into the bathroom because I knew what you were up to. Jay went in first and you'd been eyeing him."

"That all you do, Abby? Watch others have a good time?" "You may have fucked Jay Costigan," Jeff shot back, "but you weren't having a good time."

"Keith sucked my dick on the way to the wedding."

This got a shake of the head, then the hard look usually seen on the faces of mothers. "You're so destructive," he finally said.

"I sucked off a waiter in the garage, too, cute sandy-haired number, nice dick."

"Eat your toast."

He went off into his living-bedroom combination, which was just as well. The last thing I wanted was anybody attempting to rearrange things into their version of right. When I'd finished my tea and toast and found my stomach pleased rather than angry, I went to find Jeff, mainly to beg aspirin for my headache. I found him in the big chair that sat in his bay window, his reading chair he called it, a tired maroon thing he'd scored online the year before. Books were stacked around it like nesting material, one pile reaching up to the chair's arm to become a table. On it sat Jeff's cup. He had no book in hand.

He looked grandfatherly, wearing khakis and blue polo shirt. Funny thing about Jeff was how he always gave off an easygoing vibe. Even when pissed at us, he remained more Dear Abby than angry man. "Feeling better?" he asked as I came in.

"Much," I said, "but I need aspirin." "Help yourself."

Sun steamed through the window behind him, warming the room, and after I'd downed aspirin I perched on his bed, as there was no other seating. "So they're married now," I noted. "Bill and Keith Forney-Dunnock. That's a mouthful."

When Jeff moaned, I added, "No pun intended." "You sure? You're thinking with your dick lately."

"Back off, okay? I'm just having fun. Oh, hey, you know who I saw there last night? Vance Basch. Walked right in, big as life, strutting around like he owned the place."

When Jeff went silent I kept on. "You saw him, didn't you? Wearing a navy blazer, of all things, looking like he'd stepped off some yacht."

"Vance wasn't there," Jeff said.

"Yes, he was. I saw him. It was late, but I'm sure it was him. You can't miss somebody that big and showy."

"The guy in the blazer was Dan Darnell, Bill's attorney. My god, Alex, you've met him. Last summer at that beach barbecue?"

"No, you're wrong. It was Vance. I'd know him anywhere." "You were drunk, my friend. Drunk and reading things into things."

"I'm not reading things, as you put it. I know what I saw, and he had no right to be there."

"Why not?" asked Jeff. "If it was him he'd probably been invited, so he

had a perfect right. It's not all about you, Alex. You need to get a grip on that."

"Now who's reading things into things? I didn't mean it like that, I just...he's so..."

"He took Tom from you and you hate him for it. I get that and it's awful, but worse is the way you're letting things damage you. I hate Tom for what he did because you're a sweet boy. He didn't deserve you."

"I don't want to talk about Tom."

"Of course you don't because that's what you need to do most. You need to start healing."

"What do you know about it, always advising us when you can't get anyone to love you."

"Can you, Alex? Can you tell me you've known real and true love? Christ, I don't see how you stood it. Tom's onstage every minute of his life because that's all there is to him. Take away the script and there's nothing, but you remained true, an audience of one."

A knife could not have done better, a steak knife with the serrated edge, because there was nothing smooth about this wound. Tears rose and I bit my lip to hold off crying, but that never works. "I loved him," I managed as Jeff came over to sit beside me.

"Of course you did. You're young and passionate, genuine, unrestrained. You give your all, Alex, and it's the best part of you, except when some shit-heel takes advantage. I could strangle Tom Goodwin."

Jeff's arm went around me; I didn't fight it. When I shuddered, he tightened his grip and I lay my head on his shoulder, the fight in me, the web I'd strung together collapsing entirely. For the first time in months I felt warmth and I allowed myself to be eased back and stretched out. Jeff then began petting my hair. "I hate it when you're sad," he said in the softest voice, "and you've been sad so much lately. Angry and sad."

I closed my eyes and didn't argue. Abby knew her stuff. When Jeff's fingers slipped down my cheek, I gave no thought

to resistance because it felt good to be caressed. "Beautiful," he said in a near whisper as one finger stole onto my lips. Here he lingered, tracing, then gently poked in to find my tongue. I couldn't help but respond, licking the fingertip just the slightest as we enjoyed our little dance. I gradually opened my mouth to take the whole of the finger, then closed around it and began to suck. My cock stirred and I felt Jeff's hand between my legs.

It hadn't mattered much who it was lately, so why stop now? Of all people, Jeff was the last I wanted, and yet I welcomed him. Maybe because

what he was doing had such a quiet to it. No demanding, no pushing or prodding, no urgency. The hand below did little more than press my stiffening cock.

Lulled into a blissful arousal, I let Jeff take charge. He slipped the finger from my mouth and lifted my shirt to rub my chest while I opened my eyes to see not the usual flush of passion, but simply someone who cared. Abby was doing what mothers had done for years: soothing an upset. I took a deep breath and let out a long sigh. "Feels good," I said.

Jeff kept rubbing, and I enjoyed the look on his face, which was just short of contented. Promise, maybe, like he knew about the long haul. He had to be rousing himself. No man would do this for other than his own purpose, yet it didn't seem that way. His expression was wonderfully serene, and I noted he wasn't much weathered with his years, though he'd been gray for some time. Blue eyes gave him a twinkling quality, and I wondered how they looked when he came, how his expression changed in climax. He was good looking, trim gray beard, solid body. Funny how I'd never really noticed.

I sat up and pulled off my tee, which made him smile. Nothing was said, and when he unbuttoned my jeans, I raised up to let him take them and my underpants off. He surprised me by not going for my cock, his hand back on my chest. I was smooth but figured him furry as he had that bear look. "Your turn," I said, and he nodded, stood, and shed it all. As suspected, gray hair covered most of him, running from chest to a stripe down his stomach that broadened to engulf a rising cock.

When he stretched out beside me, I wondered for a second just what in the hell I was doing, but this was lost when he leaned over and began to lick my nipple. I responded by getting my fingers into that pelt of his. Soon he was nipping and playing, all so gently.

I expected to be sucked off, but Jeff surprised me by not pouncing. I'd never known a man so restrained. Always, Tom included, especially Tom, there was that hurry toward getting off, that grab of the cock and the fierce sucking and prodding and licking until he put it where it belonged and took his pleasure. Attentions would be resumed after a time, but always the cock prevailed, urgency resurrected, maybe toward a different outcome, but always that rushed sort of passion. Now came the opposite, and I had no idea how to proceed other than go where Jeff led.

Pulling back from my chest, he studied the whole of me, hand on my stomach now. "You are a morsel," he said, and I found myself smiling just before he kissed me. Twenty-four hours before, or maybe even just twelve, I wouldn't have permitted this, but I now gave myself over since I was

being devoured in a most agreeable way. His kiss was soft and unhurried, his tongue exploring my own.

I liked his beard, liked the smell of him, liked that his hand was in my hair as we kissed. I reached down to his cock, feeling my way along that descending stripe until I found the prick, substantial though not fully hard. When I took hold, Jeff's kissing stopped and he thrust slightly to welcome me. Up top, he began to nibble my neck. "I'm going to have to fuck you," he said.

"Go ahead," I replied, and I started working him. When I had him stiff, he pulled back, got a condom and lube, greased up and came back to me. Without a word he raised my legs and got into position. I couldn't help saying, "I can't believe this."

"Neither can I," he replied as he pushed in. For a second he was quiet, eyelids fluttering before he began a gentle thrust. Once he got going, he fixed his eyes to mine and I saw the fire in him, ignited just like the rest of us, never mind the years. I grabbed my cock, but didn't work myself, as I got that he was going to make things last and I wanted to stay with him.

His prick was thicker than any I'd had, regular plug of dick, and it gave me a good ride, while Jeff's expression remained controlled. Soon as he'd gotten past that initial awe at being inside me, he became that wise man we all knew, wise now in his sex, going at it steadily while I pretty much reeled. "Oh god," I said as my juice began to churn. "You're going to make me come."

"That's the idea."

He never let up his steady stroke. Beads of sweat appeared on his forehead and he got red in the face, but he kept on like he could go for hours, which maybe he could. Maybe that's what age gives you, trading three or four times a day for one big show. I began to pump my dick, and when the climax hit, I let go with everything I had, come along with cries, moans and gibberish. I pumped until I was dry, while Jeff kept drilling me. Finally, I was limp all over and my hand fell to one side.

"Impressive," Jeff said as he kept fucking. "You make me a happy man."

I wasn't used to being occupied so long. Tom, despite his thirty-five years, tended to go quickly, much like the guys my age, like me. Now here was a man with a dick of iron who had the stamina to back it up. "You're impressing the hell out of me," I managed.

"You ain't seen nothing yet, kiddo." He then shoved my knees back until they were around my ears and started ramming me like some charging

bull. I began to carry on because nobody could stay quiet while getting so thoroughly reamed, and that's what it was now, Jeff unleashed at last, grunting with each thrust, going faster and faster until he let out a roar and came. It was a good long one, judging by his staying with it, his prick stiff well after I'd figure it to quit. Awash now in jizz, there came that juicy fuck slap, and I got that he wanted to keep on with me. I lay happily done, smiling, basking, if that's possible while full of cock. Finally, he pulled out, let down my legs, and crawled onto me.

"Damn good," he said.

"No argument here," I replied, and I gave him a little kiss. "You surprise me."

"Good. Surprises are good."

I wanted to say more, words boiling up like the tears had, but I got the idea he knew what he'd accomplished. Maybe more than I had. "How'd you get to be so wise?" I asked.

"Comes with age. It's not always welcome, though. Sometimes I long to be an impetuous twenty-two-year-old, except I wasn't impetuous, even then. I've been careful my whole life."

"Well, I haven't. Seems we've met in the middle." "Not a bad place," he said, kissing me lightly.

# From Here to There

Xavier Axelson

I pulled out onto the PCH and nearly collided with a motorcycle. To be fair, the Pacific Coast Highway is an emotional stretch of blacktop with long expanses of one-way-in-and-one-way-out driving along with beautiful ocean views striking enough to distract the eye and induce a wreck.

By the time I hit the first red light, the diamond-bright ocean sparkling to my left and the magnificent blue sky above erased the panic of driving in chaotic weekend traffic. Perfect beach weather abounded, and cars, motorcycles and RVs crammed the PCH with their drivers' hopes of hitting the sand, grabbing a beer and a meaty piece of halibut or bucket of mussels at any number of pricey hipster fish shacks that lined the coast. Sadly, I would not be joining them.

The Santa Rosa wine trail beckoned with an invitation from Jeremy and Carl, two dudes who were getting hitched and had summoned their collection of friends and acquaintances to celebrate their nuptials at the Greenleaf Winery. Most of the people I knew were drunks, foodies and ambitiously lazy artistic types, so the magic word *winery* would ensure a radically full attendance.

Hence my own eager and concentrated effort to avoid the myriad distractions of the perfect Southern California beach day. Driving in Los Angeles is hideous (I'd rather have surgery), but wine and a good friend (Jeremy, not Carl) called, and so pedal to metal and all that, but then another light brought me to a halt and a motorcycle pulled alongside me. I don't know if this is L.A. specific, but here, motorcyclists have an unnerving way of snaking up and between traffic within the blink of an overstimulated and often multitasking eye.

I never saw him coming. The motorcyclist stopped, balanced for a second, then dropped one leg on my side of the idling bike. Legs are my favorite part of a man's body, and bikers, goddammit, usually have incredible legs, not to mention great boots. This bastard was no different. His dark jeans were tight enough that his thighs looked as though they



might split the seams. He revved the bike and his black leather boot pumped up and down, anticipating the forward thrust when the light turned green. He turned his helmeted head and caught me staring. The light changed, and before I blushed, he was gone.

The highway narrowed into one lane on either side and snaked through rockslide-friendly areas without hesitation. Today, I barely noticed the masses of ever-crumbling rock walls; my sights were set on the deathtrap turnout ahead. As I passed, the now-familiar bike sped out behind me. The thrill of unexpected possibility made me smile. But the truck barreling toward me brought me back to earth, and I hugged the mountainous curves with little more than a prayer. The truck's horn blared, and while we both avoided careening into the mountains or driving into the ocean, the motorcycle sped up.

I ignored this game of speed up and slow down and focused on the swerving, curving terrain as I flicked on the radio. Hair metal all the way and the promise of multiple glasses of a dry pinot kept me semi-detached from compulsively looking to see if my biker kept in step.

A particularly sharp curve brought out the daredevil in my companion as he appeared beside me, waved and then cut me off, barely avoiding a collision with a car full of teenagers coming in the opposite direction. I slammed on my brakes but ineffectively hit the floor with the wrong foot and squealed around the corner. The road straightened out but remained narrow. The cyclist slowed and I sped up. I didn't know what this game was, but before I could make contact, he slowed down and I passed him. I slid my foot off the gas until my car drifted back and the nose of his bike could have kissed my bumper, but he cranked the gas and slid up alongside me. He then eased back and then sped up again as though massaging the side of my car with the invisible wind friction caused by our vehicles. This thrusting forward, then gliding back took on the rhythm of forceful fucking: vehicular and dangerous, but ultimately hot.

Once he drove by me, then waited for me to catch up. When I did, he smiled and moved closer. "What are you doing?" I hollered his way.

He stretched an arm out and touched the side of the car. I resisted hitting the brakes, but he slowed down. In my side-view mirror, I watched him glide along the length of my car, his hand sliding along the body.

Startled, I pumped the brakes, but when I checked the rear-view, another car usurped his position.

I'd lost him.

Uncomfortable, shaken and aroused, I pulled off into the parking lot of a beachfront fish shack called Catch. I'd written last year, as part of my job,

about the motley collection of seafood shanties populating the PCH, Catch being one of my top picks. Fried, grilled or broiled, they did ocean grub perfectly. Luckily, I found a parking spot behind the restaurant. Sweat trickled down my back as my dick pressed painfully against my zipper. I'd worn boxers, and the head must have poked through the slit because a wet stain had formed to the left of the zipper seam.

After I ordered fried oysters and a beer, I scored a small wooden table. From my seat, the ocean glittered like a mass of liquid silver. The air smelled of the sea and delicious food. California coast at its finest, and despite my morning adventure, I couldn't help but admire my surroundings.

"One-thirty-seven!" a tinny voice bellowed over a static-laced intercom. "Order one-thirty-seven!"

I jumped up and maneuvered through fellow patrons, nabbed my grub and headed back to my table, making a pit stop for extra napkins and hot sauce. The smell of the oysters made my mouth water. I spritzed a couple of lemon wedges over my feast and was about to dig in when—

"Mind if I grab a seat?"

The motorcyclist stared down at me. "You," I stammered and dropped an oyster.

"Uh-huh," he answered and placed his helmet on the table. "So, you mind?"

I shook my head, unable to process his arrival. "Order one-forty!"

The motorcyclist looked down at the receipt in his hands. "That's me." He left to get his food, but suddenly stopped. "Need anything else?"

When I answered with another shake of my head, he smiled and disappeared into the ever-growing crowd.

"Fuck!" I gulped my beer and stared at the patio entrance, stunned. When he climbed the steps and caught me staring, I turned back to my plate. Sadly, my hunger had vanished.

"Who are you?" I asked, once he sat.

He'd ordered two whole lobsters and stared with obvious pleasure at his bounty. "Who cares?" He lifted one of the claws, snapped it off and extracted a lump of meat. "My first lobsters of the season."

The amount of drawn butter accompanying these crustaceans bordered on insane. He plunged the meat into one of the containers with his fingers. "You into lobster?"

"Not as much as you," I replied and watched as he eagerly sucked the meat between his lips.

He laughed as he chewed. "Yeah, well, I don't believe in moderation."

"Hedonist?" I asked.

"Definitely." He cracked another claw. "You're not eating?" The meat plunked down into the butter. "Come here." He extracted the morsel with butter-glazed fingers. "Eat."

"Seriously?"

He leaned in closer. "Absolutely."

Resigned to the ridiculousness of the situation, I opened my mouth. The butter-drenched lobster meat slid past my lips, and when I accidentally-on-purpose sucked his finger, he smiled.

"Good?" He removed his slippery digit and traced my lips. "Yeah," I replied. Beyond his head, an older couple stared disapprovingly. "We're being watched."

He stood up and collected two containers of butter. "Let's go."

"But..."

"Fuck, we'll come back. Just follow me."

I followed him to the detached bathrooms behind the place. A man exited the men's room and the motorcyclist kicked the door open before it closed.

"Inside," he instructed.

The bathroom smelled of cleanser and piss, and I hesitated at the door.

"You're unreal," he snorted, eyeing my crotch. "Let's get you off."

At the insistence of my rock-hard cock, I relented. The door slammed behind me. He locked it.

"Get your cock out," he snarled as he pulled off his jacket. Unable to think with anything but my pent-up need, I undid my jeans and slid my shorts down.

The motorcyclist dropped to his knees. "Fucking hot!" He leaned back, yanked his T-shirt over his head and rubbed my cock along his furry chest.

The prickly sensation of hair against my cockhead made me squirm. I needed his mouth on my dick. "Suck it."

He grinned and nuzzled the head with his scruffy chin. "You've been thinking about me on your cock ever since I pulled alongside you."

It sounded like a question, but in my blue-ball state, it didn't matter. "You're crazy," I replied in a raspy voice.

He smacked my hard cock against his palm, making the muscles in my legs twitch.

Seeing him on his knees teasing my dick made me dizzy. "Please," I begged.

The motorcyclist snatched one of the containers of drawn butter, removed the lid and poured the golden fluid into his cupped palm.

“What are you—”

The reply came when his warm, butter-soaked hands stroked my dick.

“Jesus!” I fell back against the wall and groaned as he worked my shaft back and forth. Overwhelmed as I was by his masterful touch and our mind-fucking coastal cruising, my load desperately needed release.

“Careful,” I warned and pulled away from his greedy grip, but he wouldn’t be denied.

He replaced his hands with his mouth. Buried to the bristles, he slurped and sucked hungrily. Resistance inspired fervor, and unable to conjure the mental will to resist, I gave in and pumped my butter-slathered shaft deeper into his insistent mouth.

“I’m gonna come!”

There was a banging at the door.

The motorcyclist didn’t stop; instead he undid his pants, jerked his cock out and spilled the entire second container of butter onto his dick.

“Shit, fucking hell.” I couldn’t hold back. The banging became more urgent.

“Coming!” Claimed by orgasm, I melted into oblivion. I bucked hard into his mouth, expelling my load down his gullet.

Gorged on my spunk, he pummeled his prick until his own geyser erupted. His jaw tightened around my spent prick and he groaned and sucked until his ejaculation subsided. He then leaned back and wiped his chin.

“That’s why I always get extra butter.” He got to his feet, pulled his pants up and toyed with the door. “Ready?”

I’d barely tucked my cock away when he undid the lock. A man pushed his way in. “What the fuck?”

The motorcyclist brushed past him and I followed. The man shouted something, but neither of us acknowledged it.

“I’m hungry now,” I said.

“That’s why I got two lobsters. Enjoy it.” He didn’t follow me to the eating area.

“But, you?”

“Go on.” He backed away. “See you on the road.” He waved and left me staring after him.

Two hours later, parked at the Greenleaf Winery, invigorated and blissed

out by the impetuous public suck-fest with the strange motor-head, I composed myself. And, yes, my hair was mussed up and my shirt buttoned wrong—hell my fly was still unzipped.

“Just look at you!” Rodney, a mutual acquaintance of the happy couple caught me as he walked by and came over. “Tough ride here?” He crouched and leaned on the open car window.

Before I replied, several more familiar guests passed and distracted Rodney with greetings. Up went my zipper and on went my sunglasses, a final look in the visor mirror assuring a semi-respectable appearance. The smell of the motorcyclist lingered. I wanted more.

“Vino?” Rodney turned his attentions back to me.

“Oh yeah,” I replied and attempted to shake the memory of the cyclist from my head.

The parking lot led up to the vineyard’s main buildings, which included a tasting room stocked with assorted gourmet tidbits and unnecessary extravagances that were focused on weary tourists and wine-addled foodies. Gardens of abundant and fragrant herbs surrounded the place, and intimate wrought-iron tables, hidden wooden benches and a man-made lake suggested secluded escapism. As I’m an easy sell and was feeling a bit romantic, this obvious spell worked on me. Meaning, I imagined sucking and fucking all over the place.

“Here comes the bride.” Rodney nudged me out of my deviant fantasies as one of our hosts, Jeremy, approached.

“Hey, guys!”

“Hey,” I said as Jeremy embraced me, “congrats and all that!”

Jeremy’s sunny Californian good looks were magnified by his obvious excitement. “Thanks!” His blue eyes sparkled. “I’m glad you’re both here.”

“Is it too early for happy hour?” Rodney asked as they hugged.

Jeremy smiled. “It’s happy hour all weekend. Let’s get you drunk!”

Much wine ensued, followed by pleasantries with Jeremy’s soon-to-be husband, Carl. After exchanging witticisms with other guests, I took my tipsy ass out onto the back veranda. The majestic view stirred something in me. Vineyards spread to the mountains and the sun’s descent set the landscape on fire with color, distant shadows giving an otherworldly aura to the scene.

Behind me friends laughed, drank and celebrated, and while I loved being there to celebrate Carl and Jeremy, selfishly I wanted to be with someone of my own. Thoughts of the cyclist rushed in, but I shook my head and downed the excellent syrah.

Rodney came up and stood beside me. “You all right?” “How could I not be?” I gestured with my glass at the mountains. “Look at all this.”

“Jeremy never throws a bad party or pours cheap wine.” Rodney downed the last of the red in his stemless goblet.

Before I agreed, Jeremy came out. “Guys, come inside. The Greenleafs are presenting a toast with one of their rare vintages.”

“Greenleafs?” Rodney snorted as Jeremy scooted past us. “That’s really the family’s name?”

“Let’s do it,” I said and nudged Rodney inside.

Jeremy caught my arm. “They’re the oldest, most successful family-run vineyard in the area,” he whispered. “You should feature them in your column.” He paused at a table with rows of pristine wineglasses and offered me one. “Trust me, there’s a story here.”

I took the glass and dinged my glass against his. “I’m on vacation. Positively no writing while drinking.”

Carl came up and put a muscular arm around Jeremy. “Ready, groom?”

“Oh god,” Rodney snipped, but smiled as Carl led Jeremy through the crowd.

The sound of multiple wineglasses being dinged drew my attention over the assembled guests to a handsome, silver-haired man and a distinguished-looking woman by his side.

“We’d like to propose a toast.” The man raised a formidable glass.

“Silver Daddy Greenleaf is *my* vintage,” Rodney said and lifted his glass.

“Too much,” I replied and nudged him. “Patriarch stealing is a crime in wine country.”

The woman standing beside Silver Daddy Greenleaf lifted her glass. “But before we do,” the woman said in a distinctly rich voice, “let’s pour some damned wine!”

The crowd went wild and the Greenleafs smiled. “Our son, Montgomery,” intoned Silver Daddy Greenleaf as he gestured to an extravagantly but tastefully decorated table, “will be pouring the Greenleaf Syrah of which we are most proud. This vintage is distinct in both...”

But I didn’t hear the rest, and I nearly dropped my glass. I made my way past the enthralled group and stared at the man behind the table. Montgomery Greenleaf didn’t see me, and I was allowed a brief interlude to appreciate his casual, aloof sense of obligation. Carelessly groomed, but effectively stylish and sexy, he appeared perfectly imperfect. Raven-black,

restless curls crowned his head and his equally onyx eyes scanned the room with a sly curiosity that intrigued me. I'd paid so little attention to his dark beauty when presented with it ocean side and butter drunk, that now he compelled me. I wanted more of his wildness.

When his parents signaled for the wine to be poured, he smiled, but I had the feeling it was not for the crowd. He opened the bottles of wine with the finessed grace of someone distinctly unaffected by its contents but willing to put on a show for his own amusement. When he lifted the bottle from the first pour, he saw me. A slow, satisfied smile spread across his lips.

*He's not surprised*, I thought as I approached him.

"Hey," he said as he handed me a glass.

"Hey," I managed. My hands shook as I took the wine.

"You drinking it all yourself?" A familiar voice chimed from behind, but I couldn't move. My feet were frozen to the spot.

"Duncan, you're holding up the toasts!" Rodney elbowed me, and I got brushed aside, but didn't take my eyes off Montgomery. I worried if I did, he'd vanish.

He poured more wine, smiled, winked and made conversation until all glasses were full. He'd chanced several lingering glances in my direction, then grabbed a bottle of wine, came from behind the table and stood near me.

"To the happy couple." Mrs. Greenleaf raised her glass and everyone joined. "It's about time this state got with the program!"

Cheers and laughter filled the space until Silver Daddy Greenleaf's voice cut through the noise. "We celebrate you, Jeremy and Carl, and welcome you as part of the Greenleaf history. Many happy years to you both!"

As the crowd raised their glasses in another toast, this time carried out by Rodney, Montgomery leaned over to whisper, "Let's go."

Before I responded, he walked away. I downed the wine in my glass and slipped out unnoticed. I caught up with Montgomery, but we didn't speak until he stopped amid the shadowy grapevines, then looked at me.

"You," he breathed.

The warm smell of ripening grapes mixed with the aroma of dirt and Montgomery's musky cologne made me unsteady. I stared down at the corked bottle in his hands. "I'm drunk."

Montgomery lifted the bottle, pulled the cork out with his teeth and spat it aside. "Not yet." He took a swig, then pressed the bottle to my lips. The

wine spilled down my chin, and he lapped it up. "You," he said again, licking my lips.

"Kiss me," I grunted, but Montgomery pulled away.

"Let's go deeper." He grabbed my hand and led me farther into the vineyard.

The buildings drifted away and the shadows grew long. No longer could I discern the direction we had come from or were going. When he stopped, I bumped into him. He took another drink, then ground his ass against my crotch.

"I need you to fuck me." Montgomery must have sensed my hesitation. "Don't say anything. Just pull your pants down. There's a rubber in my back pocket."

Wine muddled and possessed by a bacchanal spirit, I thrust my hand into his pocket and grabbed the condom.

Montgomery undid his belt and dropped his pants. "Pour it on your cock." He handed the bottle of wine back to me.

Before I could take it, he tipped the bottle. Ruby fluid trickled into his furry asscrack. I dropped to my knees and buried my face between his cheeks. He poured more wine, and I slurped and sucked until his groans made me unable to think straight. I reached down, undid my pants and yanked my precome-slicked cock from my boxers. I stroked it a couple of times.

"You got the rubber on?" he growled. "I need you in me!" I grunted and undid the condom package with wine-soaked

fingers. "Ready?" I didn't expect or need a reply. I toyed with his hole with my fingers, but he pulled away.

"Your cock!" Montgomery demanded.

I grabbed the bottle from him, splashed some across my cock and between his asscheeks and then plunged inside.

"Fucker," Montgomery gasped and bucked beneath my second thrust.

I almost stopped, but again he sensed my hesitation because he pushed back against my dick. "Harder!"

The rougher I fucked, the more he wanted, and my cock took full advantage of his velvety depths and accommodating width. Sweat rolled down my back as I paused to rip my shirt off. "I want you naked." I pushed him off my cock. "Take it all off."

He quickly kicked off his shoes and shucked the rest of his clothes and watched as I followed suit. "Your cock is—"

"Don't talk." I pushed him down. "You wanted me to fuck you," I



positioned my cock at his hole and thrust back inside, “that’s what you’re getting.”

Naked amidst grapevines and whispering shadows, we fucked until the spirits of wine and pleasure released us from their grasps.

“Gonna come,” I gasped and plowed deeper into him. “Wait!” Montgomery barked and arched off my cock.

He spun around and grabbed my steely prick and furiously stroked.

“Shit, fuck.” I spat the words as an orgasm overtook me. Montgomery lifted the wine bottle to my prick and milked

my come into the bottle. “Yeah, nice,” he intoned and lowered his lips to my spurting rod. Whatever missed the bottle glazed his lips.

Shaken and drained of come and sexual vigor, I couldn’t figure his actions, and could only watch as he lowered the bottle to his own cock.

“Come here,” he insisted.

I went and knelt beside him. He pulled my hand toward his cock. I stroked him, savoring the wet fatness of his prick. Because he was uncut, his precome felt like a load, and despite having just blown, my cock twitched to life.

“Fuck, faster.” Montgomery arched back and handed me the wine bottle. “Make me shoot in there.”

I did as he ordered, and soon his body shook with orgasm. I couldn’t tell how much of his come made it inside, but I felt the warmth of his gush as some spilled along the sides of the bottle and tricked across my fingers.

Done and spent, Montgomery clasped his arms around me. “You,” he shook his head, “fucking you.”

“Yeah,” I managed as we sat beside each other in the dirt. Montgomery took the wine bottle, put his palm over the

opening and shook it. I heard the remaining wine splashing against the sides. When he stopped and took a drink, I winced.

“Really?”

He let out a long satisfied sigh as he lowered the bottle. “Abso-fucking-lutely.” He handed me the bottle. “It’s my vintage.”

I took it and stared. The entire day blurred into a dream. Had it happened or had I slipped into some shadow world? I lifted the bottle and downed the contents. Bitter, sweet and pungent...I couldn’t taste anything but grapes and something indistinguishable. I wanted to fuck Montgomery again. “Addicting,” I said and handed him back the empty bottle.

He tossed it into the vines. “How long you staying?”

“The weekend,” I replied.

“Bet you could stay longer.” He reached down and stroked my cock. “If you wanted.”

I imagined writing my column from the back veranda of the winery, watching the sunset over the vines. “Right now, I believe anything is possible.” I pulled Montgomery closer and kissed him. He tasted of wine and something more.

# Outlaws and Bad Men

**Kenzie Mathews**

I was hitching on the wrong side of the Mississippi when he picked me up in a black 1970 Chevy Impala that'd seen much better days. I looked up and down the road. The Impala was the first car I'd seen in hours since leaving the country gas mart. Chances were slim to none that I'd get a better ride. He reached over to open the door; I glanced inside. He was clean-cut, J-Crew-model pretty, with sandy blond hair cut short, small square-rimmed glasses, strong classic nose and cleft chin. Not my typical hustle, no, but beggars couldn't be choosers.

Something nineties-rock and growly played on the radio. That decided it for me. I got in, seeing as I got myself a real hard-on for American grunge and metal. Brings around good memories—and I've been finding good times most rare these days. The Impala roared down the empty country highway. Neither of us said where we were going, then again I guess it didn't really matter in the long run.

In any case, I figured I could at least get a meal out of him, maybe even a decent fuck and a shower. God knew I needed both. I pulled the visor down to check the mirror. You'd think it'd come to naught but some of those old folktales are just made up. In other words, the mirror gave me a reflection: a man with silvery ghost eyes darkly rimmed, shoulder-length greasy blue-black hair, angled bone face, pale skin and a fetching mouth all looked back at me.

Ah, yes, the road could get nasty, the nights tacky and long, but still those incubus looks would always help me along. And if you should miss something necessary the next day, say your wallet or your wedding ring or maybe a pint or two, well, there was always the memory of my capable mouth and long, thick cock to persuade you to leave the cops out of it.

"Chase," my driver eventually informed me. I grinned at him. "Lochlan."

He glanced my way, startled. "Irish?" "Yeah."

"Are you here on a work visa?"

I chuckled. "Somet'ing like that." My accent had nearly gone with age, but like me, always managed to barely hang on.

Chase was silent only a moment, one hand tapping the wheel. "Did it expire?"

I looked out the window, closing my eyes for a short lie-down. "Dunno." I exhaled. "You a cop or somet'ing?"

Now it was his turn to chuckle, like a small rumble in his chest, just as sleep was overtaking me. "Uh-huh," he replied, "something like that."

I woke to his hand rubbing my cock. My jeans clung to me wetly and my prick was steadily rising, most appreciative of his attentions. He grinned at me, J-Crew American, something like a cop. *What's his fuckin' name again? Ah, yeah, Chase.* We were in some parking lot, nestled right up next to some great public building. I widened my legs a little to give him full access to my cock. I put my hand on his to guide him a little. I love the possible risk of being found out, witnessed by an audience.

"Not just yet," he said, slowly removing his hand. He jerked his head sideways, motioning toward the large stone building. "I need you to keep the car running, though. Can you drive?"

"Yeah, but what's your bleedin' rush?"

Chase grinned wider. "My rush is coming." And with that he got out of the car, carrying a large duffle bag like something you take to the gym. He gave me a shiny, slick grin and pulled out a hairy mask from his jean's back pocket before pulling it over his head and shooting me a peace symbol. *Now he's the Wolfman. Beauty.* I gave him a double thumbs-up, him with a mocking snarl. *Whatever. His rush.*

I slid over to the driver's seat and watched him go up the long stairs and into the building. I was sitting there for the longest time and starting to get mighty bored when he came running back out with the gym bag now fat and heavy. He was practically screaming with laughter.

Two guards came swinging out the front doors and started shooting at the car, at Chase—at fucking me. Chase slid over the car hood, landing hard on the other side, and he was barely in when the front windshield burst under gunshot. I revved the car as the guards ran down the stairs and into the street to shoot at us some more.

We were a good five blocks away when I heard the first sirens. Chase thrust his forearm in my face, pointing somewhere out the window. During those brief few moments, he'd taken off his mask and was now back to being just Joe Criminal again. "Park there!"

I pulled into the Motel 6 parking lot, and before the car even stopped, Chase was out and looking for another ride. By the time I reached him, he'd jimmied the lock on a sporty Jeep. He jumped in and hot-wired the car, jerking wires outta the dash's underside. I stepped to the other side, waiting 'til the car roared to life. It was a bit of a wait then, the two of us staring like junkie idjits, and it kinda seemed like he wasn't too sure he wanted me to come along for the ride.

Truth is, I felt a little vulnerable. I'm so used to being the hustler, and it was odd to be on the other side of it. He stared at me and I dunno if it was my fine Irish looks or simply the meeting of monsters but he finally reached over and let me in. I shut the door just in time before he sped off in the opposite direction. We passed several cop cars going the wrong way, but we were free now, out in the world and up to no good.

We burned our way out of town and ran farther down the highway 'til the adrenaline would let us breathe evenly, and then he found the first turnoff he came across. He couldn't get my raging cock in his mouth fast enough, and sucked me dry, bringing me to a whimper, a hollowing that felt like I was dry desert inside, scraped clean, my balls empty and tight. I returned the favor, nearly devouring his head, my saliva numbing his cock to my needle teeth, my tongue stroking and cradling all the while. I sucked him 'til he jerked and then licked him clean like a kitty with a bowl of cream, nary a drop left. Sometimes the blood bothers them, you know, gets them worried.

You'd not see them if you wanted to, my needle teeth that is, seeing as they hide behind the canines. I call them needles for the obvious: they withdraw and take, and I need them to live. It's best though if the blood is mixed with come. Has to do with the salt and the cream of it all. It's like a meal and dessert all at once.

He was weak now, Chase. I nodded my head toward the back. "Take a lie-down. I'll drive."

He smiled at me, then reached out and cradled my jaw and ear. It was almost painful, his grip hard and cruel. I could see something playing in his eyes. "I meant to leave you there. Give me more time to get away."

I whispered, "But you didn't," and leaned into the pain. My needle teeth throbbed. We like a little hurt now and again, us monsters; it blurs the lines in our heads.

"No, I didn't leave you," Chase returned. He climbed over the seat and took himself a lie-down. His voice muffled, his arm pointing in a random direction, he said, "Drive that way."

I pressed and wrapped the loose wires, starting the Jeep. I drove that way.

After a long while, I pulled over and listened to Chase snore. I reached back and pushed on him a bit. He didn't wake, just kept on snoring. Figuring now was better than later or never, I leaned over the seat and searched him. He slept on, as sweet and trusting as a wee angel. I found his wallet in the inside pocket of his jacket. I left one credit card but I took the others, as they were not as obvious packed behind the first. I also found a few driver's licenses. Chase was beginning to stir, so I left the first license there and took the others. My my, Chase was a most interesting fella. In any case, he was back to snoring by the time I got onto the highway.

Come nightfall, Chase woke up hungry and asked me to find us a place. I pulled into a pancake house off the highway. Like all junkies, I need sweets. Something about the salt of blood mixing with it all. Divine. Glorious. I ate chocolate-chip pancakes with blueberry syrup while he had a western omelet with biscuits and gravy. Some of it got on his chin, and before I could stop myself, I wiped it off with my thumb and put it into my mouth. Instead of panicking because we were knee-deep in Southern-Fried Hill-billy Country, Chase grinned my way. Of course he didn't care; he loved the risky business just like me. I wanted to fuck him on the table right then and there. He saw it in me, and we left there right quick, big tip and all, taking a room in a cheap motel on the other side of the restaurant.

I fucked him deep and long, his face smashed into the bed, his fine ass in the air, my hands on his rocking, bucking hips. He moaned into the bed, a deep bellow that raised the hairs on my body. I fucked him faster, giving in to his voice like it was a siren's song. When I was spent, Chase rose up a little and took me down sideways, a quick wrestle, and I gave in to him, settling myself under his sweaty firm weight. His cock pressed against mine, his thigh opening my legs up a bit to keep me close. His forearms captured my head and he looked down into my eyes wonderingly.

Slowly, so slowly, he kissed me, his tongue and lips exploring my mouth. I gave him free rein. He took me like a hawk on prey, slow but deliberate, strong, confident. I kissed him back, echoing move for move. Chase captured my hands, then pinned my wrists. I arched into him, my cock still wet from plunder, but willing just the same. His cock probed my balls, the friction exciting me until I was begging blasphemingly by the names of the saints.

Chase reached for something on the bedside table. He whispered, "Do you trust me?"

I answered truthfully: “Not a lick.”

He laughed. Then, in a flash, he brought my pinned hands up over me head, handcuffing me to the headboard. He covered my mouth as I screamed, frozen. He then reached down with his other hand and lifted one of my legs and gently placed it over his shoulder. I was frozen still. I was thinking that these kinds of things had to stop happening to me, me being a monster and all. And then Chase got my other leg up and over his other shoulder before slowly, gently if you will, he started fucking me. He dug in deeply and then pulled out, over and over again, 'til the wanting in me overcame the fear, and I thrust back into him, meeting him all the way and back again, screaming his name. This time, when he came, he hollered and fell onto me, resting on my sweat-damp chest. Safe sex, no, but, then again, nothing about him nor me was safe to begin with—and as for me it really didn't matter.

I waited a bit for his breath to catch up, and then I rattled the handcuffs.

Chase's head rose and he sat there staring into me eyes. He said softly, “You'll just slow me down.”

“Have I yet?”

He smiled. “Not yet, but it's just a matter of time. And these things go bad.”

Chase sat up. He started looking for his clothes. I pulled on the handcuffs. They weren't too tight but they weren't giving in either. I was not in a good place. “What goes bad?”

Chase shrugged into his shirt. “We go wrong. We get caught, one of us turns on the other for a lighter sentence. I've seen it before.” Chase found his jeans and pulled them on.

I rattled the handcuffs. Would they stop my monster later when hunger woke it?

“So stop being a bad man,” I said lightly as if I were bored already.

Chase stared at me for the longest time and then looked at my cock. He smiled. Sitting down on the bed, he reached over and started playing with it. The little bastard betrayed me. I gasped, feeling pleasure and suffocation as one. Chase leaned over and whispered into my open mouth, “I can't stop being a bad man. And I can't take you with me. I'm FBI. I have a real life and I have to pretend to belong to it.”

I jerked up, straining against the handcuffs. Chase wiped his hand on my thighs. I trembled now, my monster stirring, peering from within me, looking for a weakness. FBI? Was he playing me? What did he know then?

Chase was an enemy and I was caught. I'd not left behind too many

bodies since my family, but still, there was enough to hang me, yeah. And I was still wanted in Ireland. They don't forget family massacre and cannibalism there, you know. Add to all this, if I were being watched, it'd soon be obvious that I didn't age.

But is he lying to me now?

Chase took the handcuff key out of his pocket and laid it across the bedside table. He tapped it with his finger. "I wish it was different, Lochlan from Ireland." He walked to the door and opened it, then turned back around and faced me. "I wish I could fuck you for all of eternity." He smiled, shaking his head. He was gone in a flash.

And the monster within me woke up even though the hunger for blood was not yet stirring, mainly because there was another hunger he was answering to.

Under the monster's careful distant observance, I broke the bones in my left hand and reached over to the bedside table for the key. Just metal, the handcuffs. Gingerly, painfully, I opened the lock on them and sat up in the bed, my right hand cradling my broken left. It hurt like hellfire but I knew with the monster's guidance I'd soon knit it up tight in bandages and go on like nothing was wrong. That was just like it, you know, always persistent, waiting silently for the right time to pounce.

Monster then said out loud, "Well then, I'm guessing you'll be getting your wishes filled, Chase of the FBI. And eternity is a damned long time."

First thing I found out was that Chase was not my man's real name. And I was guessing that maybe Robin A. Hood, the name on the credit card he'd paid for our room with, wasn't neither. Nothing makes a monster happier than a mystery I can tell you now, and that's just what this was. Which meant there'd have to be a hunt. Sharpens the senses, after all, makes the hunger grow. But of course I didn't know where to start up after that. All's I had left was to ask the general direction he took off in. That got me to the gas station across the highway. And from there, I got a description of my blond, handsome FBI agent heading north-west in his Jeep. I put my thumb out and sparkled my whites for the next hour 'til a trucker stopped and took me on farther.

We wound up on the edges of some big American city. The trucker was gonna head south then, but before a farewell, we had some pints at a bar, and later I took enough drink to last me while we found ourselves in a rundown hooker motel. I left him his wallet but took a few bills to keep me



heeled. Before I left, I noticed I'd put some bruises on his cock, chew marks like a dog with a bone. That was a first in a long, long time. Monster must be upset, I figured. I checked the trucker's pulse, though, and he was breathing. He'd live, and I'd live, and it was time to move on.

I then walked into the big American city hoping desperately for some inspiration.

To be honest, I was at a bit of a loss. I had no real plan. No insight. I just wanted to get my man back. Maybe pay him back a little. Most definitely fuck him, that was a sure thing, but the how-to, the getting, the whole of it, well, I was baffled. Before the monster took over, I worked like normal fellas. Had me a job in a bailiff's office, doing accounts, had been thinking of going to university, maybe for accounts and records so I wouldn't be passed up on raises by fellas with degrees. After the monster came my way, I'd been a drifter, a hustler, and I didn't really know how to help my monster find my man with just that education to go on.

So I decided to call the credit card company and report my card stolen, find out when someone used Robin A. Hood's card last and their whereabouts. After all, I had relieved Chase of some of his wallet just a few days ago, yeah? Looking at my pocketful of licenses and credit cards, I found Robin's social security card, along with Chris Edward's and Jonah Woodsmith's. I was charming with the gal on the phone, and even though I'd forgotten the password and only had a social, she let me have the info—bless her sweet, trusting, American heart.

Would you believe that my luck'd changed for the better? The card was being used right at that moment at some strip joint. I flagged a taxi and set off.

I walked up behind him. It was a skank-hole: dark and dismal, the women strippers run-down and tired looking. He was sitting up front of a middle stage, drinking a tall glass of beer, his back to the door like a mark. It was too easy. I sat down next to him and opened my mouth to say something smart, and he pushed a warmish glass of Guinness my way. He took a long swallow of his beer while I stared at mine.

Then he said, taking off his glasses and putting them into a black case in his coat pocket, "Took you long enough."

"You're a right charmin' bastard, you are."

Chase nodded, not even looking my way. "That I am, Irish."

"So who the fuck are you then?"

He raised his glass of beer to his mouth, pausing midway to point toward mine. "You should drink that."

I looked at the Guinness. I gotta say, I've never met a Guinness I didn't want. No harm in that, anyway. I drank, and neither of us said a word for a long time while a tired, worn-out gal crawled on the stage in front of us, bills in her crotch and mouth.

Eventually, Chase said, "So, do you trust me, Lochlan?"

I nearly choked on the Guinness. I glared at him, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand. "No fuckin' way. After our drinks, I'm thinking of murdering you, honestly."

Chase turned, looking off behind us a ways, and said, "Hmm."

A hand fell on me left shoulder. I sighed. After all, there's only so much a man can take. I then slammed the Guinness on the table and jerked upward. The hand shoved me back down again and squeezed my shoulder. Something burned me, so I glanced over. Silver bloody rings: fat silver rings on fat, hairy fingers. Bloody fucking hellfire. I turned the other way and saw the other fella. There were two of them: one thin in a suit, the other a gorilla, with me in his paws.

"Is this him?" a tall, thin, dark man asked from behind us, his voice soft and nasal.

Chase drank from his glass leisurely, observing the beer in the light of the skank-hole as if it were diamonds. "Yes," he finally said, nodding.

"Come along, Robin A. Hood," the larger man behind me growled.

I'd been set up, one monster fucking with another. I shot a quick look at Chase; his eyes glistened with amusement all the while.

The man jerked me up, my arm wrung behind my back and held tight in a silver-ringed hand. His other meaty paw circled my neck and helped guide me. Wouldn't you know it, we were headed for the lavatory. Beauty. My entire life seems to have been spent in the crapper. The gorilla steered me in and bellowed for two other fellas to get the fuck out. He shoved me hard, and when I turned back around, he hit and spun me again. After a few of those, I came around on the floor, damp with piss, needle teeth humming behind the canines, my own blood in my mouth and eyes.

They were all there, Chase and the thin man and the gorilla, the latter polishing up his knuckles for another round while the thin man kept repeating his words 'til I figured what he'd said, and even then I wasn't sure I was hearing them proper. "Where's the money, Robin? Boss wants the money back."

"What money?" I croaked out.

Gorilla came forward and hit me in the side of my bloody head. Saw me some stars then, I did. Monster howled inside, wanting out of his cage. Something slid across Chase's face, guilt, a bit, and maybe a touch of remorse. Catholics like me, we know it when we see it. I knew then where the money was. Chase met my eyes and quickly looked away. His head still turned, he opened his coat a bit to show me his gun. Then he locked eyes with me, nodding just a little.

I said, *Go monster, be free!*

And he was. And I was.

When the gorilla came forward this time, I jumped up into him, his throat quickly in my needle teeth. I jerked my head in kill bite. I held him tight and close as we hit the back wall. He tried to rip away, but I dug in deeper, tooth and nail. His fists thundered on my head and back all the while. The gorilla roared, angry at first, then panicked, frantic. I tore cartilage, muscle and sinew, and drank deep: his blood, his voice, his very breath. His fists hit me then, slower, weaker, and I growled a wolf's pleasure as his blood spurted into my throat. I'd not had a real drink like that in so long, I'd nearly forgot the intoxication, the power of it. Every life holds a song, and even the death song of gorillas is sweetest poetry. Wetly, we slid down the wall and I raised my head to find my FBI man.

They were both staring at me, thin man and Chase. I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand. Chase coolly took a gun out of his jacket and put it to the thin man's head. Gun went *pop*. Thin man shot out sideways, dropping hard and sudden.

I rose up then. Chase slowly backed up toward the door. I circled and trapped him, slamming the door shut. I turned the deadbolt, then reached out and took the gun from his hand. Chase raised his hands in surrender, stumbling backward. I put the gun in the back of my jeans. I stepped forward, walking toward him, head cocked sideways to regard him. He pedaled back farther into the lavatory, his fine shoes slipping on the blood and the piss on the floor.

"I like you, Irish," he said, cool as you please, as if he weren't walking backward in a toilet of piss and being stalked by a predator. "You keep your cool even when your balls are to the wall. It's a refreshing quality really."

"Izzit now?"

"C'mon, tell you what, let's have a beer and a fuck on it, cement our new partnership, contemplate our next adventure."

"I dunno. I'm thinking now's a good time for you to die." Chase

slipped, just barely catching himself. I leaned into him, pressing him into the back wall, my arms held up to trap him there.

“Really?” Chase said, trying to find the humor in it and failing most miserably. “Really? It comes to this?”

I rocked my hips, dancing my cock into his. His answered in reply, rising despite the occasion. Chase flushed, weakly pushing at me. I didn’t go anywhere. I just rocked him harder until he cried out, his own hands fumbling to release himself and to open my jeans. His cock poured out, fat and throbbing. I cradled it as he took my own cock in hand. I found his mouth and devoured him, needles out in full. Sweet salt filled my mouth, thick as cream down my throat, and I pulled away, to look at his face.

I’d said to my monster, *Go! Be free!* And he was and it was too late to call him back into the cage. I honestly wasn’t too sure I even wanted to. Chase was a most terrible man. He’d betrayed me twice now. I think my monster wanted a turn or two.

Chase opened his eyes, blood running down his lip to his chin. He had to have seen it on my lips, ruby red. I waited to see what he’d do. He wiped his chin and then rushed forward, his mouth clamping down on mine, his hand on the back of my neck, pulling me forward. He ground his mouth into me, into my teeth, opening himself up to me and my need. My monster sang in my head and thrummed my heart. I kissed Chase and drank from his mouth: blood and saliva, all wrapped in pain and pleasure.

He pulled me downward. And there, on a dirty floor that still ran with blood and piss, he knelt, his ass teasingly bumping against my crotch. I slid my fingers in his ass. He purred, pressing against my hand. I loosened him, softening him with saliva and gentle fingers, and then slowly I entered with my throbbing prick. When he had me full within, both of us trembling like horses, I held on to his hips for dear life. We fucked like it was the first time, like it could be the last, like it was the only thing that mattered.

He pushed back into me, taking my cock and milking it with his muscles. I let him have it, full cock entering and leaving, my balls warm and wetly slapping the back of his ass and thighs. When I came, my cock sputtered within him as he danced along with the fuck. I pulled out wetly, my hand stroking down his back as goose bumps rose under my palm.

Chase gingerly sat up to brace himself on his back heels. I pulled his head back and kissed him again, cleaning his warm mouth with my tongue. He turned, nary stopping the kiss, and rose up again on his knees, pressing his strong stomach against mine, his hard nipples glancing off and on mine, teasing them to awareness. We kissed now like friends winding down.

"If we're going again, Irish, I'm gonna need some time," he said, pulling away. He winced a little when he sat back onto his heels, and then he seemed okay, his blue eyes examining me fully as if he'd never seen me before. "So what now?"

I glared at him. My cock was tired and resting a bit, but my balls were already rebelling and tightening. My nipples were in on the game of working against me, too. It came to me that what I should do was fuck him again and drain him. Chase smiled wryly as if he could hear that thought.

"I dunno," I finally said.

"Huh," Chase grunted. Then he stirred, moving toward me. "Well then, while you're thinking on it, why don't I take care of that?" And his warm mouth fell onto my cock, my traitorous raging, hard cock. Pleasure rocked me, warmth spreading throughout my body as I swayed into him, giving in to him, surrendering, letting my guard just float away.

Chase bit me. I snarled, looking down, while he smiled, staring up. There were pink traces of blood mixing with the saliva on his mouth. He slowly, deliberately licked his mouth, his eyes gleaming with black mischief.

"Oops."

My cock was still hard. A light coating of blood and a wee bit of pain didn't deter it at all. It did call the monster, though. He waited within for my response.

"Do you want me to continue?" Chase innocently asked. "Or should I stop?"

My cock jerked in response. "Yeah," I growled out. "Go for it."

Chase laughed with open delight. His mouth found my cock, and my hands found their way down to stroke his head, his jaw, his throat, as he in turn drank me full and true.

All in all, it was a partnership even monsters could agree to.

# Bullheaded

**Logan Zachary**

Austin Clark was dressed as a clown, a rodeo clown. He looked at the clock on the scoreboard as his favorite bull rider saddled up.

0.0 seconds

Austin watched as Jake McKenzie curled his fingers around the bull rope with his riding hand and pounded them into a fist with his left hand while he sat on top of a huge bull. Jake nodded, letting everyone know he was ready.

The horn blew, the metal gate swung open and the bull shot out. The numbers on the digital timer started whirling, but appeared to be in slow motion. Ads for Jack Daniels, Wrangler jeans, smokeless tobacco, Pro Bass Sports and Bud Light whizzed by.

0.9 seconds

Jake's gloved hand hung on to the bull rope that was wrapped around the raging, twirling bull, the man holding on to it for dear life. His Levi-clad ass bounced off the back of the bucking black body as his cowboy boots dug in for purchase. Austin watched the cowboy's body work not to lean too far forward and thereby smack his head on the bull's impossibly thick neck.

The bull swung around and around, kicking up its hind legs, tossing its raging head back and forth, side to side, trying to throw the rider.

2.5 seconds

Jake clung on for all he was worth. His even white teeth gnashed against his mouth guard as he was flung forward and around. He shifted his back and leaned the other way.

His cowboy hat flew off. Sawdust and dirt rose up as the raging beast continued to try toss him off.

4.8 seconds

Jake's ass slammed down hard on the bull. The rider's black leather vest was covered with badges of awards and sponsors, the vivid colors flashing in front of his eyes.

6.7 seconds

The crowd roared, the bull snorted and Austin waved his arms in the air. The world swirled around and jerked to a halt, only to swing in the other direction. Jake's cowboy boot slipped off the rib he used to maintain traction and his jean's seam rode deeper into his butt crease. Sweat streamed down his body. Austin licked his lips at the sight of it, of him.

8.0 appeared on the clock, a horn sounded and Jake's wrist snapped louder than a gunshot.

Austin heard the *SNAP!*

Jake let go of the rope and jumped free of the bull. He threw a leg over the mighty beast and high-stepped out of its way as he carried his wounded wrist in the palm of his other hand. Austin noticed Jake's wounded hand now dangled at

an awkward angle from the end of his forearm. Jake looked down at it with a blank stare. Austin knew he felt no pain, not completely understanding what had just happened. He watched as Jake spit out his mouth guard.

Austin rushed over to Jake as another clown waved his hands and distracted the raging animal, luring the bull away.

"Ninety point five!" the announcer shouted to the cheering crowd. It was the rider's score.

Austin noticed Jake's face had gone a ghostly pale and his eyes were glazed over. He wrapped an arm around the other man's broad shoulders and guided him to the escape gate. "Medic!" he hollered over the crowd's cheers as he ushered Jake to the first-aid station.

The doctor was nowhere in sight.

Despite his wearing clown makeup, Austin knew what to do. He grabbed Jake's hand and pulled it back into place before he picked up a splint and wrapped it around the injured wrist. Carefully, he Velcroed the straps into place to hold the dislocated hand in line with the forearm. He grabbed an ice pack and wrapped it around the splint and then Ace-wrapped it into place. "Does it hurt?"

Jake shook his head.

"Your prostaglandins haven't kicked in yet, but when they do, your

wrist will really start to swell and throb.” Austin removed his clown gloves as he searched the medicine chest and pulled out the Advil. He dumped four tablets into Jake’s good hand, grabbed a bottle of water and twisted off the cap.

Jake swallowed the pills and sipped the water without question.

“Are you light-headed? Maybe you should lie back in the hay, get your legs and arm up, and your head down.”

As Jake settled back and did as he was told, he asked with a shit-eating grin, “Are you propositioning me?”

“And he’s back.” Austin smiled underneath the white makeup. “I thought I’d lost you there for a moment.”

“What’s your name?” Jake asked.

“Austin Clark, at your service.” He saluted and backed up as he saw the doctor approaching. “He’s the one who’ll be able to help you.”

“No, please stay,” Jake said.

The doctor stepped in front of Austin and looked down his nose at him. He then stared at Jake’s wrist and nodded at it. “Who did that?”

“I did,” Austin replied. “I figured he needed ice, compression and immobilization to protect his dislocated wrist.”

The doctor carefully picked up Jake’s arm and inspected the work. He raised one finger in front of his eyes and asked, “You got any double vision, son?”

“Nope.”

“Blurred vision?” He moved his index finger back and forth.

Jake scanned as the doctor moved his hand. “I didn’t hit my head. I just heard a snap in my wrist when the ride ended.”

“Was it a loud snap?”

“Like a gunshot,” Austin added.

The doctor shook his head and frowned at Austin.

“I’m a hand therapist and I rodeo clown on the side,” Austin spoke up, “and—”

“I’m the doctor,” the man interrupted before turning back to Jake.

“And I have one more ride tonight,” Jake reminded the both of them.

“Not tonight you don’t. You need an X-ray of your wrist, and you—”

“Cowboy up, Doc,” Jake said. “I have a splint on it, and there’s no pain.”

Austin grabbed Jake’s arm. “He has a great splint on.”

The doctor rolled his eyes as Austin quickly released the arm. “Unwrap him,” he said. “Let’s have a look-see.”



Austin undid the ice and Ace wrap. He slipped the splint over Jake's thumb and pulled the brace off to expose his wrist.

The doctor shook his head and said, "You can try, but I wouldn't if I were you."

Austin again helped Jake don the splint before he wrapped the ice and bandage around and around. "We'll rewrap your wrist with the ice until the last ride."

Jake moved his wrist and found it secure and reported it was relatively pain free. "I'll try anything at this point."

Austin held his breath as he watched the next ride. It went off without a hitch. Jake's wrist held, he lasted eight seconds and jumped free of the bull, and landed safely on his feet. But just after the ride, the bull spun and swung his powerful hind end into the rider. The impact sent Jake sailing, propelling him into the metal gate. Austin watched as Jake flew straight through the air into the bars. He landed hard on the ground and stopped moving.

Austin's worried face looked down at Jake when the cowboy finally opened his eyes. The doctor clucked his tongue. Austin had been knocked against the gate once before and knew Jake's vision had to have been all messed up. The expression on Jake's face also let Austin know that the rider was in pain. Austin asked, "Do you feel like you've been struck by a truck?"

Jake nodded slowly.

"You scored a ninety-six point five, but the bull knocked you out." Austin forced a worried smile.

"Why does my head hurt?" Jake asked as the ice pack slipped down his face, blocking his view.

"Your head hit the gate and you have a goose egg on your forehead." The doctor held up his finger. "Are you seeing double?"

The way Jake's eyes moved, Austin knew the doctor's fingers blurred and doubled as he tried to focus. "You're going to make him throw up," Austin warned the doctor.

"Whoa, the world is spinning and shaking." Jake closed his eyes to stop the pain.

"See," Austin said.

The doctor frowned and shook his head. "Someone will have to stay with him tonight."

"I can stay with him," Austin replied, angry with the doctor's apparent

lack of concern.

“I don’t need a fucking babysitter,” Jake said as he struggled to sit upright. His arms moved out to the side to catch himself before he toppled over.

Austin caught him.

“The world’s spinning,” Jake said.

The doctor leaned down and stared into Jake’s whirling eyes. “If you don’t agree to have someone stay with you, I’ll have to call nine-one-one and have them bring you to the hospital to stay overnight. Your choice.” He then held up his cell phone and threatened to dial the number.

Jake looked at Austin and exhaled deeply. “Are you sure it’s not a problem?” He closed his eyes and pressed his hand against his forehead.

“I wouldn’t offer if I didn’t mean it.” Austin stood and started to gather up Jake’s belongings.

“Your place or mine?” Jake asked as he stood on unsteady legs.

“Where are you staying?” Austin asked, setting Jake’s cowboy hat on a nearby table.

Jake bit his lower lip in thought. “I wish I knew. Where’s my wallet? I should have a hotel card key inside.”

The doctor shook his head, but before he could say any more, a new arrival with blood pouring down his face forced him to rush over.

“Is it in your back pocket?” Austin motioned for Jake to turn around. He held his breath as he watched the tightest ass in jeans spin right in front of his eyes. No bump of a wallet, but a huge basket in front.

Austin smiled. “I guess it’s my place then.”

Austin pulled into his driveway and ran around his Blazer to help Jake out before grabbing the roll bag and Jake’s cowboy hat.

Jake leaned against Austin as they staggered up the sidewalk to his home.

The front door was opened. “Come on in.” Austin inhaled deeply, savoring Jake’s uniquely male sweat, the tanned leather, the sawdust, the aroma of wild animal. He could feel his arousal start to grow. “Can I get you a glass of water or did you need to clean up a little first?”

Jake ran his finger through the dark waves of his hair. “I should wash up. I’m feeling a bit ripe.”

They walked to the bedroom. Jake headed for the bed instead of the bathroom. “I need to sit for a minute,” he said, then added. “And I could go for two aspirins and a glass of water, then I’d love to lie down.” He settled

back on the bed and propped up his head on the pillow. The washing up would have to wait.

“Let me get you the water and aspirin. I’ll be right back.” Austin hurried to the kitchen and found a glass and the pills. When he returned, Jake’s beautiful sleeping body glowed in the moonlight as a gentle snore rose from his body.

Austin set the glass and aspirin on the bedside table and opened his closet for a blanket. He looked down at the amazing cowboy in his bed, his deep tan, the handsome face with a few new bruises forming, and at the long, muscular legs, and the swollen crotch dead center to it all.

Austin covered Jake with the blanket and continued staring at the sleeping man. The cool, clean linens looked inviting, especially with that great body lying on them. Austin lay down next to the cowboy, just for a second he told himself, and as soon as his head hit the pillow, he was out.

Sunshine fell on Austin as, hours later, he woke up.

Jake moaned and stretched next to him. “I smell like a barn. Help me to the shower.”

Austin helped Jake sit up on the edge of the bed and slowly led him to the bathroom.

As Jake used the toilet, Austin pulled out a towel and a wash-cloth. He set them on the sink.

Jake swayed and almost fell.

Austin rushed and caught him before sitting the cowboy on the stool by the tub. “Can you get your boots off?”

Jake unbuttoned his shirt as he tried to balance on the toilet. Austin could see his body wasn’t cooperating well. His tan, hairy chest came into view as he balled up his denim shirt and tossed it to the floor. Lean, tight muscles crisscrossed his torso as he bent forward. The white crests of his ass peeked over the jean’s waistband, hairy and funneling down inside, but his boots were out of reach.

Austin knelt and pulled on one.

Jake waved him up. “Straddle my foot and pull forward.” Austin turned his back to the cowboy and straddled his

muscular leg. He grasped the boot firmly between his legs and hands and pulled. He bent forward and rounded his ass in front of the injured man.

Jake, in turn, reached forward and pushed on the tight butt suddenly in front of him as he tried to help get his foot out of the tooled leather.

Austin pulled hard and the boot slipped off.

Jake stuck his other foot up and the process was repeated. Austin picked up the cowboy boots and headed to the door. "Don't you want my jeans, too?" Jake slapped his leg, and

dust rose. His wounded wrist made him fumble with his fly. Austin watched as Jake struggled to open his tight jeans. He

stepped back into the bathroom and reached for Jake's zipper, heat rising from the bulge underneath his hand. His fingers trembled as they brushed the well-worn denim.

Jake's basket seemed to swell under his touch, outlining a thick mushroom head.

Austin opened the huge belt buckle and pulled the leather strap loose before working his fingers into the waistband and unbuttoning them. Once the pressure was released, the zipper opened from the swelling within. Austin guided the tab down the teeth. The thin white briefs below did little to cover what lay underneath.

Austin then worked the jeans down muscle-dense and hairy legs, which pulled the briefs down a bit with them. A thick bush appeared over the waistband. The jeans were rolled over each foot.

Jake stepped out of them and turned his broad back to Austin as he lowered his briefs. His ass was white against his bronzed back. His butt was hairy and muscled, with two dimples in the perfect spots. He tossed the underwear to Austin and then his good hand tried and failed to cover his raging hard-on.

Austin took the dirty clothes and tossed them into the washing machine before returning to the bathroom.

Jake was pressed against the shower's wall, trying to wash himself. He almost fell, but Austin rushed forward and caught him, soaking his own shirt and pants in the process. His hand combed through the thick mat of hair that covered Jake's torso. It then dipped down, his little finger entering the bush below as his feet kicked against the outside of the stall.

Jake's cock rose farther. Austin couldn't believe his eyes at the size of it, at the length, the thickness.

"I'm having a little trouble," Jake slurred.

Austin straightened bolt upright. Why was his speech slurred? Was he having a brain bleed?

A mouthful of water poured over Jake's full lips as he smiled at him. "Thanks for all your help." He moved slightly in the shower and slipped.

Austin's hand caught his hairy ass, his fingers slipping deep into the

crease. One fingertip brushed his crinkled hole. Austin swore as Jake pushed back on his finger, the digit seeking entry. He wiggled it back and forth, causing Jake to moan with pleasure. Austin, unsure of what exactly was happening, grabbed the bottle of lemon body wash and started scrubbing. He lathered Jake's low hanging heavy balls and rolled the foamy orbs between his fingers as he washed. His free hand found the astonishingly thick shaft and slowly soaped it up.

Jake started to unbutton Austin's shirt. "You're soaked. You should jump in here and help me." His one good hand pulled the wet shirt open and off the other man's shoulders.

Austin kicked off his cowboy boots and, as he turned his back, Jake cupped his ass.

"Your jeans are wet, too." He slapped the damp denim and splashed water over them.

Jake's good hand found the belt and quickly unhooked it. Austin was amazed at how skilled Jake was at stripping

another guy, but he couldn't get his own ass naked fast enough. His steely prick brushed against the bull rider's hand and he jumped nervously into the stall, tripping this way and that. Maybe it was all an issue of angles, he figured.

Jake tried to grab for him and almost slipped, while Austin stripped off his remaining clothes and jumped back into the hot spray.

The cowboy spun at the same moment and their naked bodies collided, slipping and sliding against each other.

Austin's arousal shot to full length as it rubbed along Jake's raging hard-on. He tried to regain his balance as his hand slipped down, brushing against the bull-sized balls. They were full and firm, dangling low in the hairy sac.

"They're near to bursting and need to be emptied soon, it seems." Jake grabbed Austin's hand and rubbed it over the low hangers, smiling all the while.

Austin rolled Jake's heavy balls between his fingers and thumbed the base of the thick shaft. A wash of white foam flowed over his face, and he remembered that his clown makeup was still on, though thankfully not for much longer, owing to the shower.

Jake grabbed a washcloth from the rail and wiped it over Austin's face, helping the spray wash the makeup away. His cock swelled and jumped as more and more of Austin's face was revealed. "You are one handsome man," he said with a heavy sigh. "Don't hide that beauty under all that

white.”

Austin didn't know what to say, and as he opened his mouth to thank him, Jake leaned in and kissed him. Their lips touched and puckered up for a second before they opened wide, hungry tongues touching, tasting, exploring. As the sensation grew, they sucked harder on each other, trying to swallow the other's tongue.

Austin broke the kiss as he tipped his head back to the shower and let the hot water wash over him. He took a drink of it and then eagerly brought his mouth back down onto his partner.

Jake pulled Austin in close with his good arm, their rock-hard pricks sliding along each other, furry balls mashing together and milking out their precome. Thick pearls grew at their slits and slowly ran down their fat dickheads.

Austin ran a finger over Jake's piss-slit and brought the thick, clear fluid to his lips, spreading it over them like a balm, while Jake licked around the manly juice and savored the salty-sweet taste.

Austin then licked down Jake's neck and along his collarbone. He slid lower, his chin grazing an erect nipple. He brought his mouth down on the point and hungrily sucked it into his mouth, licking over the nub with his tongue, feeling it grow in his mouth. His teeth closed in on it and rolled it back and forth, causing the cowboy to gasp.

Jake backed up against the wall, unsteady on his legs. He used his good hand to run his fingers through Austin's hair as the other man's head went ever lower. Austin felt Jake's thick cock trace his hairy leg as his hot mouth went lower, kissing the tip of the proffered prick. Another huge gob of precome seeped out of the tip.

Austin pulled it into his mouth and held it on his tongue. He stood up again and passed the sweetness to Jake's waiting mouth.

Jake snaked his tongue around Austin's. His fingers slipped between the other man's thighs and ran against his tender opening. Austin felt the cowboy thrust forward and seek entry. He rocked back and forth over the deft fingers, trying to relax his ass and swallow the prodding trio.

Jake grabbed the lemon body wash and sprayed a line of yellow gel across Austin's back. He rubbed the liquid into thick, creamy foam that filled the shower stall with fresh suds, then brought a handful of foam to Austin's hairy ass and soaped between the muscular, splayed cheeks. As his finger brushed against that tender bud, Austin felt it quiver. He let Jake gently probe it, relaxing more as he opened it up for exploration.

Austin pushed back on him as he washed Jake, feeling himself open up

to the thick probing finger. He moved and let the water wash the soap away to swirl down his balls and legs and into the drain.

Jake spun Austin around, knelt and brought his mouth over the clean opening. Austin felt him kiss the ring before licking the lemon freshness away. He enjoyed Jake's tongue as it circled his hairy hole and darted to the center, trying to take it all in. Jake took a deep breath and plunged forward, while Austin gasped as the tongue slipped into the tight chute and rolled from side to side to open him wider.

Austin was now moaning with delight, feeling guilty that his injured guest was pleasuring him. Though from the excitement of the rim job, he knew Jake was having fun as well.

Jake's mouth made a tight seal on Austin's bud as he sucked harder. His hand reached forward in between Austin's legs to find the low hangers. He tugged them a few times before rolling them between his fingers, then squeezed the tender balls and yanked again on the hairy sac as his tongue once again entered the satiny hole.

Austin worried that if Jake suddenly brushed his cock, he would instantly shoot the orgasm that was rolling around in his balls. He arched his back as Jake found his opening, inch by inch, with long fingers. The pressure grew inside of him as Jake now fingered his ass.

Austin enjoyed Jake thrusting in and out, in and out. He knew Jake was working his own pole all the while, bucking that bronco as he increased his speed with each lunge and plunge and prod and push.

Austin braced against the wall and spread his cheeks even wider. His head came back and water washed over him. He swallowed some, wetting his thirst, then once again pushed back against Jake's fingers. His hand reached down and stroked his own dick. A stream of precome flowed over his fingertips and ran along his shaft. He knew this wasn't going to take long despite the fact that he'd love it if it could last forever.

Jake thrust his hand one more time and grabbed around Austin's waist, holding his fingers deep inside as his own cock finally exploded, his heavy load smacking into the tub below and along Austin's leg.

The cowboy's hot come sent Austin over the edge, and he pushed his body up and shot his own load across the stall, hitting the tiled wall. Wave after wave of cream splashed the tiles and slowly slid down in great white globs.

Jake rose and kissed along Austin's neck as his balls continued to stream their contents. Slowly, he pulled his fingers out of Austin as the water washed the come down their bodies and into the drain. The men

clung together, exhausted and spent, letting the water rinse them clean.

Austin slowly stepped out of the shower and found the towels. He dried himself and wrapped the towel around his narrow waist. He rolled the edge down to hold it in place, then picked up the other towel and handed it to Jake as the water finally got turned off.

Jake tried to dry himself with one hand as he held his injured hand to the side.

Austin pulled on the Ace bandage. “We should take that thing off and get new ice. Do you think you need an X-ray?”

Jake stepped out of the shower and smiled. “It still hurts, but I’ll survive.” He then added, “Woo-wee, what a ride. You buck like a bronco and are hung like a bull.” His good hand rubbed the bulge beneath Austin’s towel.

“Hold still so I can take this off, I don’t want to hurt you.” Jake held up his wrist with the dripping splint and wrap. Austin removed it and checked over Jake’s forearm. It didn’t

hang in an awkward position, but the bruising and swelling were present.

“We need to rewrap and ice that right away,” Austin said as he retrieved supplies from the bathroom cabinet. He wrapped a new bandage in a figure eight around the extended thumb and wrist, securing Jake from further injury. “Let’s get you back to the bed, and I’ll dry the splint. Are you hungry? Thirsty?” Austin tried to keep his eyes on Jake’s, but his gaze was drawn down the hairy chest, over the abs and far lower. He licked his lips without realizing it, then left to get Jake a glass of cold water.

When Austin returned to the bathroom, he saw the discarded towel lying in the middle of the hall. He continued on to his bedroom and saw Jake’s naked body lying across the bed. He set the glass down on the bedside table for Jake before returning to the bathroom. He quickly picked up the mess, threw the dirty clothes into the washer, the splint into the dryer, and finally returned to the bedroom. He decided he needed to lie down on his bed. He let his damp towel drop to the floor and slipped naked between the clean sheets.

\* \* \*

Still groggy, Austin thought it was his hunger that awoke him at noon, but quickly realized it was Jake. Austin felt Jake apply a condom to his cock before pulling their bodies together with his good hand. He guided Austin’s sheathed erection down along a warm, tight ass crease to a waiting



opening. Austin thought he might be dreaming until he felt his tip enter Jake's lubed, hairy hole.

The cowboy pushed back on him, his ass swallowing Austin's cock to the hilt.

Austin felt him tense his cheeks and suck on his dick with his hole. He slowly rocked back and forth, tapping Jake's prostate with the fat tip. Austin then curled his fingers around Jake's cock and felt Jake increase his thrust into his fist and back onto his steely prick.

"Oh yeah, that's great," Jake moaned.

Austin pushed forward as he jacked the man in front. He'd never had such a wonderful heat ride over his body before.

Jake rammed back harder on Austin. He turned his head to the side and sought out the other man's mouth.

Austin saw what he wanted and brought his lips to Jake. Their kiss exploded between them and the intensity of the fucking tripled. He gasped as he plunged into Jake and yanked faster on his cock.

Jake pulled off of Austin's dick and rolled him onto his back, careful not to further hurt his wrist. He straddled Austin's waist and plunged his ass down on the waiting mast of a cock. He bounced up and down on it, waving one hand in the air as he rode the bull, never coming fully down to touch the surging body below.

Austin bucked and fucked Jake's perfect ass. He felt the pressure grow and grow, his cock swelling as his balls quickly rose. Sweat broke out over his body.

"Yee-haw!" Jake shouted as his cock exploded across Austin's heaving chest. The warm stream flowed between his fingers and dripped over his body. The scent of the manly cream triggered Austin's release, and he filled Jake's ass to the brim, both men now erupting as one. One final spasm and the rodeo clown was spent. He gasped for breath and hung on to Jake's hairy ass so that the cowboy didn't move over his ultrasensitive dick.

Jake eventually rolled off with a wet pop as Austin's cock at last sprang free. The cowboy landed on his back with his legs in the air. "What a ride!"

"Doesn't look to me like you have a concussion," Austin ribbed.

"Nope. In fact, I'm ready for today's events." Jake jumped out of bed and headed to the shower.

Austin slowly rose onto his elbow and watched the other man's asscheeks dimple as he walked. How he loved the bull riders, he thought, but Jake had been his hero for years. He heard the shower turn on as he headed for the bathroom, pausing at the door before looking in.

“What took ya so long?” Jake flashed his bare ass.

“I was trying to get the blood back into my legs.” Austin moved closer to the shower and ran his finger along Jake’s hairy crack.

“That’s not what I meant,” Jake said. “Do you know how long I’ve been trying to catch your attention? How many rodeos have we done together and never connected? Why did I have to knock myself out to get you to take me to your bed?” Jake rubbed the bump on his head.

“What?” Austin replied, suddenly dumbfounded.

Jake waved his growing, semihard cock at him. “I can only wiggle my butt and thrust my package at you so many times, but you’ve refused to accept my invitation. Until last night, that is. Dang, I should’ve knocked myself out months ago, years ago even.”

Austin stood there, stunned. “But why me when you have all those other cowboys to choose from?”

“You’re handsome, kind, and sexy as all hell, not to mention compassionate, professional, and, well, you can certainly fill out a pair of jeans like no one else.” Jake stroked his cock as he rattled off the list. “But you’re first and foremost a nice guy, a true friend.”

Austin’s face burned as a tear pooled in his eye. “I didn’t think anyone noticed.”

“I did.” Jake reached his good hand out of the shower and cupped the back of Austin’s neck. He pulled their faces together and kissed him, long, hard and deep. Austin counted eight seconds, and then nine and ten....

# Rookie Glitch

Martha Davis

I come from a long line of law enforcement: my father, my grandfather and my great-grandfather. Because of that history, I've managed to avoid a lot of rookie mistakes the others make. I don't show up for roll call an hour early every day like an action junkie, wide-eyed with excitement, hungry to write tickets and participate in car chases. I take approaching a vehicle seriously. When walking up, I look over at the trunk and make sure it's sealed, so I don't get jumped from behind, and I never, ever stand directly in front of the driver's side window where a driver can open the door and flatten my balls—nope, my family jewels are way too precious to risk on a rookie mistake like that.

It's basic fodder for all those television cop shows, but in the real world, supervisors aren't allowed to pick on rookies; they don't want to. The last thing an experienced officer ever wants to do is take a new cop's readiness away. Hesitation created by a lack of confidence is how we wind up dressed in full uniform, laid out in a flag-covered box. But I know after the shift is over, the experienced cops lounging around with beer in hand, our antics are the primary source of the loudest guffaws.

Thankfully, I've escaped much of this. Even knowing what I know, I've still made petty mistakes, but they've all been so minor that my bloodline bought the necessary misdemeanor get-out-of-gossip-free cards.

"He's just like his grandfather. Remember that one time...?" "I worked with his father back in seventy-two. Back then..."

In any case, I'm doing what I was created to do, what I've been training to do since I learned to crawl. It's as natural to me as breathing. But even in the most perfectly designed programs, there's always a glitch.

My morning patrol started like any other. I drove down the street where my twelve-year-old niece Abigail waited at her bus stop with a pack of neighborhood kids. We chatted for a minute, which led to curious questions, such as, "What's it like to arrest someone?" "What's it like to be

arrested?”

I have four older sisters and don't pretend to keep up with all their spawn, but Abigail's my favorite and most likely to make me go where I know it's not allowed. I'm unable to refuse any requests that begin with, "But you're my favorite uncle. Pretty, pretty please!" In front of her friends, I made a flashy spectacle of throwing her over the trunk, handcuffing her tiny wrists, and reading her rights before tossing her in the back.

From the rearview mirror I watched her doe-sized brown eyes glaze over with glee as she rode to school in the back of an official police cruiser instead of that childish yellow bus. At school, I let her go with a loud warning: "Next time, young lady, I'm going to call your mother." It was hard for her to achieve a badass, don't-care grumble through giggles, but somehow she pulled it off. Her desired bad-girl credentials were sealed in middle school gossip until at least fourth period.

I'd made it about two blocks when my personal cell went off. "Uncle Mike, I left my book bag in your police car. My homework's in it!"

Sure enough, Hello Kitty smiled at me from the passenger seat behind the grill. I promised to drop it off as soon as I could and pulled over on the curb so I could move her bag to the front seat. The fast-moving pickup truck, I heard before I saw. Instinctively, I jumped into the car and closed the door before the truck's front fender took it off, along with a good portion of the gym-built ass I put too much time and effort in to lose. The asshole made no attempt to slow down, even after he passed the cruiser. I wanted to hit the blue lights, to give chase, but with the no-fucking-door-handle feature my cruiser now had, I was trapped. The door, sad to say, could only be opened from the outside.

My rookie glitch began with a radio call requesting another officer to arrive and hopefully wear a straight face when he let me out of my own vehicle. Sgt. Jason Dupree himself responded, pulled up behind my cruiser, nice and slow, and waited for-fucking-ever to exit his vehicle. *Does watching the rookie trapped in the back of a cruiser really entertain you that much, Sarge?*

My cheeks burned, not only from the humiliation, but from the unwanted arousal. Never before had I felt any desire to test the no-fraternization policy on any job I've ever had, but blond-haired, blue-eyed Dupree had somehow made himself the exception. Something in the way he walked said he packed serious skills. He approached my cruiser with that same walk, and I made quick adjustments, the best I could in such a confined space, moving my niece's book bag to my lap to hide my growing

interest.

*Not now, damn it!* Even if he did play for my team, there were too many complications to even imagine a first move by either of us. Dupree opened the door, his grin broadening. I looked down and got an eyeful of his crotch covered in uniform-black pants. Skills were definitely not all my fantasies said he packed.

“Because of your reputation, I’m not going to ask any questions as long as it doesn’t happen again.” He smiled. “But Hello Kitty? Really? Oh, don’t tell me. My imagination is doing a much better job.”

I wasn’t the least bit campy, but on the force I lived in a glass closet. Everyone knew and I was subjected to the occasional innuendo. A smart-ass reply stood on the tip of my tongue, but a case of self-preservation and respect for my employment made me hold it. Did I really care what he thought as long as he accepted my “It won’t happen again, sir,” and then looked the other way?

About halfway through the afternoon, I responded to a forty-eight. My first. The boy looked just a few years older than the kids I’d been teasing at Abigail’s bus stop, definitely not old enough to be out of school this time of day. Too young, too small, too innocent to be lying so motionless in a ditch, surrounded by drug paraphernalia, near a wooded area frequented by riffraff. The scene was reported by an anonymous teenager on a prepaid cell phone, most likely frightened accomplices. His chest rose and fell. He still breathed!

I checked for a pulse. My fingers trembled too violently to know for sure. The second time, I swore I’d picked up a heart-beat and started CPR, urging the backup who pulled up next to me to assist.

“It’s too late. He’s dead.” He touched my shoulder. Didn’t try again when I pulled away. “Look at his color, Mike. He’s been gone for a while.”

“No!” I breathed everything I had into his lungs. “No. He’s not dead.”

“Mike, man, stop!”

I refused to leave the remains until the paramedics confirmed his death and the medical examiner loaded the body into the back of a state truck and drove it off to the crime lab for an autopsy. When Sgt. Dupree opened his hand for my report, I didn’t look into his eyes, didn’t want him to see me near tears.

“Do you need to go home, patrolman?” he asked, his voice too gentle.

“No, sir!”

“No one will judge if you change your mind. Everybody has days where they need to stop, take a deep breath and try again tomorrow.”

Getting caught joyriding my niece in the cruiser and trying to resuscitate a dead body: two lousy rookie moves in the same day. It couldn't get any worse. "I plan to finish my shift, sir."

I left. I'd rather face TV-sitcom-style hazing than my commanding officer's pity.

In the cruiser again, sadness turned to fury. Some poor boy's potential was extinguished before the world discovered what he was capable of. No damn reason for it. No logic behind it.

And my rookie glitch? It wasn't over yet.

My shift ended an hour and a half prematurely, with me on a street corner calling for backup. An older teen pulled over for speeding wanted to put up a fight, got out of his car pumping fists and kicking tires. Somewhere in the middle of the name-calling tirade and the stupidity of the whole day, I snapped.

"I'll even make it fair, boy." I removed my belt and dropped it at my feet. "I'm no longer a cop. It's just you and me. Let's see what you got. Bring it, dumb-ass!"

I was the clear winner in the fist fight until the passenger of the vehicle I'd failed to keep track of came out of hiding long enough to shoot me in the thigh with my own gun. Backup arrived in the nick of time to call an ambulance and put out an APB on the car I originally pulled over.

I watched the rain crash into the big bay window in my living room, my hands clenched in fists pressed into the sill. The hospital had released me, officially healed, but I still felt a little stiff and sore, especially during inclement weather. And I still hadn't been cleared to return to work. I wanted back, to regain my name, my reputation.

That fateful day continued to replay in my head, over and over again, and I completely failed to notice the sergeant's Escalade in my driveway until I heard a hard knock on the door. Fuck! On my front porch, Dupree held a large pizza and a six-pack of beer in one hand, the other raised to knock again. "Pizza delivery. I hope you eat meat."

"Yes, sir." I let him in.

"You know it helps if you actually look when you're staring out a window. Nobody can sneak up on you and shoot you with your own gun if you're more alert."

"It won't happen again, sir, so have your fun. It's the only chance you'll get."

"You're right. It won't happen again." He sat the pizza and beer down

on the coffee table. "While you were in the hospital, a memo went out. No officer is allowed to remove his gun belt while on duty ever again."

Shit! I really had become the subject of a dumb-ass alert circulating the entire precinct. Would this glitch ever end? I started for the kitchen, offering to get glasses for the beer.

"Don't bother. Glasses won't do anything the cans can't do for themselves." He pulled a manila envelope off the top of the pizza box, handed it to me as he plopped down on the couch and pulled the beer tab before taking a swig.

I sat down on the other side of the couch and stared at the envelope I'd let fall to my lap while Dupree went for his first slice of pizza. He nudged his head toward the football game playing on the TV. "Who's winning?"

"I don't know. I wasn't paying attention." "That's a fucking sacrilege." He took another bite.

We watched the game and ate in silence. He popped the top on a second beer, and after a hearty gulp, he looked down at the still-unopened envelope in my lap, his face a blank. I hesitated. I wasn't confident enough. How could he not notice?

He took the remote and silenced the TV. "You return to work the first of the month. That's your paperwork. I don't want you going in like Rambo, crushing anything that keeps you from regaining your reputation. And I don't want to see a timid little rabbit, afraid to come out of hiding. Just do what you were trained to do and, please, try to stay alive out there."

Dupree ran his index finger along the line of my jaw and held my chin a little longer than casual or appropriate. "You have such a pretty face. I'd hate to see a perp blow it off because you did something stupid."

I yanked my "pretty" chin out of his grasp despite how his touch aroused me. It was my only response to his words.

"There's the spirit I remember. Thought Hello Kitty snatched it from you. Or else it bled out with that silly flesh wound."

"Fuck you!"

"And there's the holier-than-thou cop royalty that thinks it can speak any damn way to a commanding officer. I miss that most of all."

If I sat on the couch and continued to watch him laugh at me, I'd say something to get myself fired for sure, so I rose from my seat and made every attempt to leave the room. Dupree stopped me, accidentally grabbing my injured left thigh. I winced and hissed out loud, dropping back into my seat in pain.

"I'm sorry, man," he whispered and slid down into my personal space.

Despite my anger, my dick, where all the blood flowed, responded to how good he smelled, the firm touch of his hand on my shoulder, the focus of his gaze on my lap. Unlike the last time, I had nothing to hide this rapidly growing erection with. My attention centered on his Adam's apple and the movement of his lips.

He leaned in closer. Our mouths almost touched. I tasted his breath.

"Mike," he said, "would you report me for sexual harassment if I said I wanted to fuck you?"

"Nope," I replied. "After all, you were a perfect gentleman and bought me dinner first."

Dupree kissed me as he pushed me back into the couch. We made out like teenagers until our dicks grew granite hard. He lined my erection up with his and dry humped me, then replied to my groan with, "I have a condom in my back pocket. Please tell me you got some lube somewhere in this damn place."

"In my bedroom. Want to go in there?"

"No, I want to fuck that tight ass of yours right here on this goddamned couch." He reached underneath me and squeezed my left asscheek and ground his cock against me even harder. "Now go get that lube so I can test that rookie ass and see what you're made of."

"I think you just want to stare at my ass while I go get it." My sassy mouth earned me a smack on the backside.

"I am watching. Make it count!"

When I returned to the living room from my quick mission, with lube in hand, he surprised me again. He came up from a direction opposite the couch and pinned me against the wall.

I looked into his eyes and watched him lick his lips as his face drew closer. I smelled beer. Dupree pressed kisses at my throat and down my neck. He bit into my shoulder. He opened his belt buckle and lowered the zipper of his fly—mmm, interesting; my boss went commando.

Dupree stuffed my hand down into his open fly and urged my fingers around his dick. "Do you feel how hard that cock is?"

"Yeah?"

"It's going to feel so good being buried in your ass, pumping you hard and filling you with my come."

He led me to the couch where he pushed me onto my back and gently lifted my injured leg to make sure it was secure and snug against the cushions. Then he straddled my chest and offered the head of his cock to my open mouth. It was already a little salty with precome as I swirled my



tongue around the tip. And even though I was on my back with him straddled on top of me, I was still in complete control of the man who ruled the majority of my day. Whether it was this thought or that he simply tasted so fucking amazing, whatever it was, I planned on milking his balls dry.

I sucked so hard that he exited my mouth with a loud popping sound and a grunt. "Damn, patrolman! I want some more of that." He shoved his dick back in my mouth.

I played with him, wrapping my palm around the base of his cock, blocking him from introducing his dick to my tonsils. He'd get deep-throated as soon as I retaliated for his earlier insinuation of me being a cross between a cop prince and a pussy. Let him beg first. I sucked, tapping my tongue against the little dent under the head and swirling it around his cock in ways that made him grunt and push harder, forcing me to take more of him. I was injured, not weak, and refused him his way. I riled him up and left him there, taking him from my mouth as I looked up into his eyes and grinned.

He smiled down at me, not the least bit humbled. No begging for mercy. "I showed you mine, now let me see yours. Put this hand to better use."

He took my fist off his dick, stood up next to the couch and pushed my hand down toward my crotch. My choice of easy-access black sweatpants and loose-fitting boxers came in handy, making it much easier to pull everything out and leaving my hard cock and balls hanging over the waistline. I pumped until I grew harder and the veins along the side of my cock became even more pronounced.

"Impressed?"

His smile deepened, revealing a hint of a dimple in his left cheek. "Not bad for a rookie."

I pulled him back by his cock toward my horizontal position and again stuffed it in my mouth. This time I gladly introduced him to my tonsils. He felt me swallow. I'm sure he had to hold back. Yeah, Sarge, ain't bad for a rookie at all, huh? He tossed his head back and closed his eyes, but yanked out before he could come.

His cock, red and swollen, covered in spit and tapping at the patch of sand-colored fuzz covering his lower belly, made me hungry to see it explode. Dupree motioned for the lube I'd dropped in favor of his cock.

"Get up. Lean over the couch cushions."

He used his thigh to part my legs and pressed his hands into my back. He pushed me into the cushions so hard I had to turn my face to the side to keep from suffocating. That sideways position gave me the perfect view of

him putting the condom wrapper between his teeth and ripping it open. Using one hand to keep me pinned down, he extracted the condom with the other and rolled it over his cock. The lube he took from my hand, popped the top with his thumb and poured it, cold and sticky, all over his cock and into the crack of my ass, using way more than necessary. He probably enjoyed making me dirty, smearing it all over the place and stuffing a good portion of it into my asshole with his thumb.

Dupree pressed his cock against my ass and pushed, giving little time or prep for me to accept him. My sphincter fought even as I swore out loud, "I'm not stopping you."

He slowed down, focusing his attention on the scar on my upper thigh where the bullet I recently took left a permanent reminder, and gently stroked it. He slid into my ass, stretched me out, making sure that I'd never forget that I'd been fucked by him, that I'd feel him even after he pulled out, and for some time to come. He set the rhythm. I clutched the couch cushions with the same grip he used on my hips, and between hard breaths, he mumbled, "I didn't say you could quit stroking your cock, patrolman."

I took my cock in hand and stroked it. With the constant pressure he put on my prostate, I came hard and fast. He rode me deeper, and with a solid bellow, his crotch convulsed against my buttcheeks and he filled that condom up, just as promised.

After he disposed of it, we both sat down semi-naked and completely rumpled, this time much closer, with his arm around my shoulders. I glanced over at the manila envelope I'd tossed on the coffee table.

Dupree said, "I came to see you a couple of times in the hospital, but you were sleeping. You put a scare in me, you know."

"I scared myself, too, but I'm ready to get back to work." "And you'll do great things. With time and experience."

I shook my head. "I can't believe I made so many mistakes." He mumbled back, "You learned being a cop is not a game and it's not a fairy tale. It's very real and very dirty. Once you learned that, you quit being a rookie and started being a cop."

# Payment in Full

T. R. Verten

If Spencer had known that morning that he'd end up flat on his back, balls-deep in the babysitter, then he would have mopped the kitchen. Or he'd have swept, run the Roomba, called in Lupita to give the place a once-over. Beneath the thin fabric of his dress shirt, unidentified bits of grit rub against him, keeping perfect time with the slight movement of his back across the floor. His pants and boxers are shoved down his thighs, his tie hangs loose around his neck and his second-best jacket lies crumpled on the floor. Now, as he grits his teeth and the edge of the kitchen cabinets blur into focus, he can see the tufts of dust gathering there, puffy wisps caught on the molding that really should be vacuumed up, and a cluster of Cheerios that he must have missed the last time.

The cold of the tile seeps through what clothing he still has on, but the chill only contrasts with the naked heat radiating off of Josh Winters, hired for one night only, a junior at Penn, dual major in international business and child psychology—who's right now riding Spencer's cock like it's his job. From his position atop him, head tipped back and flushed chest thrust out, battered red T-shirt pulled over his head to expose himself, Josh the babysitter can hardly tell what's on the floor and he's probably seen worse housekeeping in other men's houses.

*Other men.* Spencer's rational brain, the bit of his cortex that's managed to retain coherent thought beneath the debilitating fog of pleasure, screams its distaste. Wrong, so fucking wrong to hand over a stack of twenties to a skinny white kid half his age, with his young daughter asleep right at the top of the stairs. At least she's a heavy sleeper and is unlikely to wake up even with Josh moaning as he rides him. *He does this with all the single dads, Spencer thinks, maybe even the married ones.* His own hips slow with the realization. Josh notices his employer staring blearily off to the side, because if Spencer looks down at his own cock, or up at Josh's red-cheeked face, he'll shoot his load without so much as a warning.

"Too much?" Josh asks through breaths that come heavily. He places

his hands on Spencer's pecs to steady himself and switches both tempo and movement, grinding his hips forward and back, slowly fucking himself on Spencer's cock. Whimpers escape from his parted mouth, moans that sound delicious, even if they're mostly fake, every time Spencer slides home.

"Mmm," he hums, appreciatively, as Spencer's hands grasp for purchase on the slick tiles. He reaches down without ceasing the torturous pace that has Spencer nearly crawling out of his skin, takes Spencer's useless hands and guides them to his hips. "Hold on," Josh instructs, "and let me take care of you. I'll make you feel so good, so good. God," he groans as Spencer thrusts up into him, chasing that tight heat, "you feel even bigger than you look." Spencer clenches his hands against the jut of bone and slick skin and he turns his head again to look at the dusty Cheerios.

\* \* \*

As it turned out, the Friday before the Super Bowl, while not on quite the same level as New Year's Eve and Valentine's Day, proved difficult for finding a last-minute babysitter. Spencer had called Nicole, her number still on speed dial, before remembering she'd left for her second semester at Brown weeks ago. His mom had her Bible study group on Fridays. *Could you find a babysitter on Craigslist?* Spencer wondered. *Was that even safe?* If he'd had time to screen better, maybe. He typed in "emergency babysitter" and clicked through the listings, mouse hovering over the hyperlinks.

So engrossed was he in the cross-referencing of badly designed websites and Yelp reviews, he hardly noticed that Ming-Na had slunk into his office, quiet in her soft-soled Prada driving moccasins. He suspected this allowed her to sneak up unannounced, thus terrifying her coworkers. "You have the numbers for the three-thirty?" she asked, right on cue. Spencer minimized the browser, hopefully before she had time to notice his personal web surfing, and pulled up the Excel file. "I'm tweaking them right now."

"You're coming?" she asked. Her stare bored into him. Spencer's absences from the Friday closing meetings had been piling up since early April, when his home life went to pot. Even before that, it'd been a balancing act, but at least with one parent staying at home it had been so much fucking easier.

"Not this week," he said, hiding two of the twelve columns from view and rubbing his eyes. "I have to pick Shauna up from school and take her to piano. I'll finish the landscan at home and email it. End of day?"

Ming-Na frowned, severe bob swishing around her face. He clicked

around as she stood there, waiting to see if she would mention it. Single parenting wasn't helping his chances at making VP before the end of the fiscal year.

"And Jamal?" she asked, after a long silence.

Spencer let out a sigh. "If he wants to drive here from Rehoboth," he told her, "then yes. But we both know he's too busy with"—he clenched his jaw—"that asshole Ian to see his own damn daughter."

The name had the effect of switching her right back into business mode. "Send me the final numbers before you leave?" Ming-Na preferred to avoid personal shit at the office. Spencer, on the other hand, would prefer to pretend that Jamal had died in a horrific Amtrak accident. He fluctuated, most days, between seething hatred and moments of blissful ignorance, when he could forget, somehow, the shit-storm that was his marriage. Two years ago, Shauna had turned eight and Jamal thirty-four, which only now, Spencer realized in retrospect, had been the beginning of his early-onset midlife crisis. First he wanted to eat clean, which, okay, Spencer could do that. The three of them would eat dinner together, but the second Shauna was in bed, Jamal wouldn't want to cuddle or watch TV, and he didn't want to hear about Spencer's day or office politics.

No, he'd become engrossed in his phone, giggling during "Scandal," for fuck's sake. He was paranoid about missing personal training sessions and went to the gym sometimes twice a day. The gym, coincidentally, was where he met Ian, who had washboard abs, capped teeth, a Silver Lexus IS, a condo in Center City and a profound dislike of children under the age of twelve. It was awful, but almost a relief when he left. Shauna had handled it with more maturity than her nine years would suggest and certainly better than her dad, who'd broken down the day he realized he'd been unfriended on Facebook. They'd been seeing a therapist, together and her alone. Jamal always seemed to miss appointments, away in New York, Miami, Provincetown or swanning around with his sugar daddy. He missed soccer games and piano recitals and parent-teacher meetings. Spencer turned in on himself, focusing on being a newly single parent. He took refuge in food, in cheesesteaks dripping grease onto his shoes, frozen custard, deep-dish pizza. And the chunkier he got, the less he cared about looking for sex, because that entailed putting on tight shirts and hitting the clubs, buying guys drinks and paying for hotels out of pocket. He wouldn't fuck in public, and he didn't want to accidentally traumatize Shauna by bringing tricks home. But it had been forever. God, he couldn't even think about it, how long he'd gone without the touch of a hand—apart from his own—and what he wouldn't give to wake up in the early light of cold dawn, Shauna

still asleep, hours to go before work, with Jamal's mouth working around his already-stiff cock. The asshole might've been a liar and a cheat, but he really did give fantastic head.

Ming-Na interrupted this train of thought. "Thanks for stepping in for Jenkins tonight."

Spencer nodded in the direction of the numbers. "Is he doing any better?"

"His wife says they have him on fluids. We sent a gift basket to the room."

"You visit?"

Ming-Na shuddered visibly. She gets her flu shot the day it's released and washes her hands sixteen times a day. "No," she said, "I don't really do hospitals." Her phone beeped and she arched a perfectly threaded eyebrow in his direction. "Look, if you need to get a sitter for tonight..." Her voice trailed off. Shit, she *had* seen his screen.

The excuse came naturally, at least. "With him gone, it's not so easy to be spontaneous," he said. "I'll figure something out."

"Well," she said as she read from her phone, "here's a lead for you, from my downstairs neighbor, a place called Blue's Sitters. Supposedly they're fantastic, if all the exclamation points in this text are to be believed. He says it's a pool of college kids and they can supposedly step in last-minute. Figure it out, though. The car is coming for you at seven." Spencer was Googling before she even finished speaking, then found the website and scanned the text. *Courteous, Responsible, Professional, Discreet*. It looked legit. "On it," he answered, phone already in hand. "I'll take care of it right now."

The website didn't list rates, but when Spencer called, the receptionist told him that the price was fifteen dollars per hour for every hour before midnight, twenty for each hour afterward. If he needed a sitter to stay the night, that would be a flat hundred. He was expected to include a tip, at his own discretion, for satisfactory services rendered.

At the business dinner that night, the food keeps coming, sauces in delicate swirls on white china. Each course brings a new wine pairing, each more perfectly matched than the last. It's the kind of meal that has Spencer turning over each component in his head long after they've drunk the last of their grappa. He's waved off the offer of a ride home because he has to stop at the ATM and flags a cab right after, only half-listening to the driver's predictions for the playoffs—*What was in that sauce for the*

*scallops, was it vanilla bean?*—and that’s where his mind is when he walks in his front door.

The babysitter, Josh, intercepts him in the kitchen, when he’s barely had a chance to set his keys down or get his coat off. “Hey, Mr. Bryant. How was dinner? You didn’t text so I assume it went well.”

He shrugs out of his peacoat. “Good. Really good. Sorry about that. Is Shauna asleep?”

“She was in bed right at nine.” *Well, that’s a miracle. He must have worked some magic to make that happen.* A booze headache is starting to creep in around the edges of his pleasant buzz, though. He plots out his moves: pay the kid and hustle him out the door, run upstairs to check on Shauna and take off the suit he’s had on since seven that morning, down three Aleve, turn on Fallon and then fall asleep on his couch.

“Homework?” he asks, going over to the sink for water. The filter’s broken on the door dispenser. Hydration is the key to avoiding hangovers, after all. He takes a swallow.

“She had some math, which I helped with, and after that she read *The Graveyard Book* while I cooked dinner. We watched some TV and I let her read again until lights out.” Even more incredible. He’ll have to hang on to this kid’s number. Shauna won’t relax enough to read all night around just anyone. It’s a very good sign.

“You could have ordered takeout,” Spencer says. He’d told him as much when he’d left them for the evening, Shauna sullen at being abandoned.

Josh smiles. “I didn’t mind,” he says, running a coy fingertip along the marble countertop. “You have a nice kitchen. It was fun to play around in. I made mac and cheese. You’re out of Gruyère now, by the way.”

Spencer grunts and makes a mental note to add it to the grocery list. Or not. Probably he should cut out cheese if he wants to lose any weight. He drinks some more water and then pulls out his wallet to count out the sixty bucks he owes the kid.

“There’s more in the fridge,” Josh adds, blue eyes blinking up at him. “If you need anything.”

“Okay,” he says, slowly, “thanks.” He furrows his brow. What the hell is the tipping protocol for babysitters? Ten percent? Fifteen? In his relief at booking someone, he forgot to find out. In any case, he doesn’t have anything smaller than a twenty, and it would be rude to ask Josh to make change.

Spencer pauses midcount, and as he does, Josh draws his full lower lip

between his teeth and worries it there. When he releases it a moment later, pinker than ever and slick with spit, it disconcerts him. Oh, what the hell. Shauna clearly liked him, his dinner has been expensed, and the kid could in all likelihood use the money. The four twenties are dry between Spencer's fingers as he holds them out for Josh to take.

Josh moves his hand away, though, to touch the back of his own neck as he tilts his head. He looks confused at the offer of money, as if payment for services rendered wasn't part of the arrangement from the outset. God, did he leave his kid with a weirdo? It's hard to tell, given that he hasn't said much beyond the status report on Shauna's reading habits and offering Spencer some leftover pasta. He glances at the bills in his hand, crisp, straight from the cash machine, so new you can almost feel the ink squeak. With a curt, "here," he waves them in Josh's direction. The kid's eyelashes flutter and he lowers his gaze back down to the black leather wallet in Spencer's hand, obviously packed with more money from the ATM. What kind of racket is this kid running? Twenty bucks is plenty. Aside from a couple of ratty ones, a coat-check receipt from the restaurant, and ticket stubs from the showing of *Tangled* he and Shauna had gone to last Sunday, he's not sure what else to offer.

Spencer's brow furrows in confusion. "Thank you for your help," he repeats. "I appreciate you taking care of her." He waits with his hand extended, impatient for Josh to take the hint, that the twenty bucks extra is all that's coming his way. When did kids get so goddamn greedy? Josh steps a bit closer and, instead of taking the money from Spencer's hand, lays his own hand atop it. What the hell? Spencer has to be drunk or delusional, because the only other alternative is that the babysitter is trying to seduce him. Which, it turns out, is exactly what he's trying to do.

His young voice is pointed when he speaks again. "Mr. Bryant," Josh says, "it was no trouble at all to take care of your daughter, she was great. But," he sucked in a breath through his teeth and then quirked his lips in a smile, "if you want, I can take care of you, too. It would be my pleasure to take care of you."

Spencer's mouth falls open at the forthright offer and he's equally taken aback when Josh rises up on his toes to kiss him. It's a gentle kiss, full of intent and a hint of trepidation, and before his eyes slide shut, he sees Josh slip the four bills into the back pocket of his jeans. He lets himself be pulled into the kiss for a long moment, briefly forgetful of how wrong it is to be kissing a boy half his age and whom he may have *inadvertently* just paid for sex.

Even as their tongues tangle together, Josh rubs his hands along



Spencer's arms, sliding them under his suit jacket to clutch at his back. When Spencer draws away, Josh lets out a pitiful little moan. His lips are kiss-swollen and even redder than before, and Spencer only spares a moment to imagine what those lips could do, but that instant is more than enough to get him good and hard.

Josh smiles slyly, palm caressing down the front of Spencer's pants. "Mmm," he hums, appreciatively. "Let me take care of this for you, too, Mr. Bryant. If you don't mind." Spencer means to protest, he really does, but the strokes are firm and relentless through the fabric, and he wants to know how that mouth will feel, even if only for a second. Josh sinks gracefully to his knees and with practiced hands undoes the other man's belt. He leans in, pressing wet, open-mouthed kisses along the ridge of Spencer's cock, the wool growing wet with his saliva. When Josh finally gets the pants open, the wetness clings to Spencer's bare skin, and even the warm air of the kitchen feels cool against the heat of his erection.

Cars honk outside, his refrigerator hums in the background, as does the television, turned to a nature channel that Shauna likes and that Josh must have left on to amuse himself after tucking her in. Yet these sounds are nothing in comparison to the thudding of his pulse in his own ears. He can, in fact, practically hear all the blood in his body rushing to fill his prick. His stomach aches with the need to put his cock into that sweet, pink mouth. Fuzzily, he knows that he's probably breaking at least a dozen different laws, but Josh is legal and Shauna's asleep and what does it matter, it's only money, they're both adults and it's been *so fucking long*. Right now, Spencer would give Josh every dollar in his wallet to get that mouth on him.

"Ah," he gasps, body rocking forward to chase sensation, but Josh's hands fly up to catch him and press firmly against his hip bones. They hold him still. He glances up, making sure that Spencer's still watching. Jesus, of course he is. He couldn't look away, even if the stove caught on fire or the ceiling caved in. Mesmerized, Spencer's hand fumbles for the counter to steady himself. Josh chuckles, eyes slipping closed as he puffs out warm breaths along Spencer's length, nuzzling his smooth face along the taut skin of Spencer's cock. Helplessly, Spencer watches as Josh teases him to full hardness. His pants slip farther down his thighs and Josh slides one hand up to cup his ass.

"Do this a lot, do you?" Spencer manages to ask, his voice creaky in his throat. Josh's dirty smirk is answer enough, right before he leans in and flicks his tongue along the crown of Spencer's cock. The ease with which he does it makes Spencer's head spin, the casual way he's sucking off a

stranger for a handful of twenties.

Josh seems fully aware of the effect he's having, though he refuses to answer the question he's been asked. Instead, he says, "Been a while, Mr. Bryant?" from between Spencer's legs, lapping delicately at the skin of his inner thighs, and then before Spencer can even answer, with the rehearsed version of *My ex is a fucker and parenting doesn't leave time for party and play but for the love of god put your mouth on me now*, before he can choke out a single word beyond "Well," Josh has swallowed him halfway down in one smooth, practiced movement.

"Oh fuck," Spencer manages. His knees wobble as Josh bobs his head and takes him still deeper, one slow inch at a time. It's exquisite, the perfect combination of heat and achingly slow suction. And just when he can't take it a second more, Josh stops teasing and sucks in earnest, in hard, thorough pulls that leave his cock glistening wet and his legs unsteady. The guilt, which he has to feel somewhere beneath this pleasure, the guilt should dampen the sensations. But it barely mutes them at all, because Josh is absolutely skilled at this. He hums around Spencer's cock, fingers tracing gentle patterns around the sensitive skin of his asshole before sliding up and down the backs of his legs. The movements never stop, even as he swallows Spencer to the root and stays there, his cock pushing past the soft palate and into the rigid channel of his throat. He eases up off it like a pro, too, breaths coming fast through his nose, and he uses his hand to stroke Spencer off while he recovers.

He takes another slow pass down, right to his balls, and Spencer's fist flies to his mouth to muffle the noise that threatens to escape it. "Shhh," Josh soothes after he pulls away. And maybe it's the booze, or maybe because it's been a while, but Spencer's stomach is fizzing and his balls are tight. With reluctance, he pushes Josh by the shoulder when he feels his orgasm draw near.

But forget polite consideration for one's partner. Josh is dirty, and he guides Spencer's cock across his face, smearing himself with precome. He pops the head in and out of his mouth and says, "You can mark me, if you want, Mr. Bryant." Spencer's fingers tangle in his hair as Josh murmurs encouragement, face tipped up in expectation. And he wants to make that innocent face filthy with his come. But even more than that, he wants, he *wants*—

"Can I fuck you?" Spencer asks, almost meekly. He cups his cock against his stomach; it pulses hot in his hand. "Is that," he stammers, "is that something you do?" Josh's tongue darts out again, and Spencer feels another pulse of precome drip into his hand. Josh is slow to respond, like

maybe he only sucks off strangers for extra cash, or, no, obviously he wants more than what Spencer's already given. Still, whatever he wants, that's just fine.

Spencer blurts out, "I can pay you. More m-money, in my wallet. Take it, take all of it, just, god, please."

Josh's flushed face crinkles into a smile at the obvious desperation in Spencer's voice. Using his thighs as a brace, he pulls himself upright. "Have you got something?" he asks, only a hint of hoarseness to indicate that Spencer's just been fucking his throat, as he touches a fingertip to the place where Spencer's cock meets his own hand. He brings it to his lips, flicking his tongue out to taste. This boy will be the death of him.

"Upstairs," Spencer finally gets out, "in my bathroom, but I can't." He gestures down at himself, pantsless, erect, completely undone.

"Tell me where," Josh purrs, reaching for the wallet and pressing it into Spencer's empty hand at the same time as he leans in to nip at Spencer's bottom lip. The wallet he takes, and Josh strokes down the front of his shirt with his free hand.

"In the cabinet, and there's condoms."

Josh chuckles at the noise he pulls from Spencer's throat as he tugs once, twice, and then lets his hand slip teasingly away. "Wait here," he says with a wink and then walks away, past the light cast by the television.

Spencer stands there, bemused. Twenty minutes ago he'd made an honest mistake, and now he's in his kitchen with his dick in his hand about to fuck a teenager. He's never paid for sex in his life. He hasn't fucked a teenager since he was one himself. The television switches over to late-night programming, the screen blaring a commercial for antacid as Josh descends the steps.

"Did you miss me?" He kisses Spencer once when he returns. Spencer nudges his elbow against the wallet he wasn't sure whether or not to open. Josh's hand drops to touch Spencer again, slick this time, and cool against the heated skin. And the decision is already made as Spencer pulls out all the bills and drops the wallet, gathering the young man in a kiss. Josh uses that slow, twisting friction on his dick, and then, with a wink and a squeeze, he murmurs, "I started without you, come feel." Josh turns around to place his hands on the counter. Spencer drags the gray sweats down, exposing the smooth white flesh of Josh's ass. He shapes his hand to the curve of it, letting his thumb drift over to touch between his cheeks. It slides in, easily, and two more go in just as smoothly.

His hands shake as he reaches for the condom. Josh waits, ass tipped up

like an invitation. He shifts restlessly from foot to foot as Spencer fumbles, and when he looks back over his shoulder he huffs out an exasperated breath.

“Sorry,” Spencer mutters, but still manages to drop the packet on the floor. “I’m useless. I’m sorry,” he stammers as he goes to the floor to retrieve it. Josh, though, sinks down alongside him and pushes him onto the floor with a firm hand.

“I don’t think so,” he says. “Let me.” And he shucks off his sweats entirely. “Lie down, Mr. Bryant,” he instructs, and Spencer once more obeys without so much as a peep of protest. Josh has obviously done this before, he can tell by the confident way he slings a leg over his prone body, the seasoned way he tugs the bottom of his T-shirt over his head in a practiced move Spencer’s only ever seen twink do in porn, but which now strikes him as unbelievably hot in the flesh. The whole scenario is ridiculous, a niche category on X-tube, but one that he’d gladly click on: *slutty twink babysitter fucks hot dad for cash!!* And when Josh reaches behind himself and angles Spencer’s cock against his ass, he takes it, too, like a fantasy come to life.

“Ohmygod,” Spencer yelps as Josh settles atop him. Maybe, Spencer thinks through his lust-addled fog, maybe instead of going to school and watching other people’s kids on Friday nights he’s well on his way to becoming a seasoned professional. His cock throbs, encased in warmth, and Josh is so tight, so *fucking* tight that when he lifts up Spencer nearly sobs with the pressure of it, the way Josh rises up so high that only the head stays inside him. And then he swirls his hips, plucks at his nipples, and plays Spencer like a symphony. Hands by Spencer’s shins, cock slapping against his stomach, Josh throws his head back.

“Gonna come soon,” Spencer says, because he cannot hold out. “You feel so good, so fucking good.”

“Do it,” Josh answers, “come inside me. I know you need it, need to fuck me so bad, yes, yes, yes.” His voice spirals up, and Spencer loses himself entirely in the white noise of his own climax, light pulsing behind his eyes as he spurts deep, hard, harder than he has in fucking forever. When he blinks his eyes open, Josh has shifted off of him and is frowning down at his stomach, at the wet patch on his belly.

“Have you got a towel?” Josh asks. Spencer props himself up on his forearms and pinches off the condom. The sensation makes his head swim.

“There’s paper ones on the counter.”

Josh detaches himself and Spencer groans to lose the weight of him, groans again when he sits up and feels the soreness from being ridden into

the floor. By the sink, Josh dabs at the mess on his stomach with a wet paper towel, and then with a toe, picks up his sweats from the floor, where Spencer still lies, limp and fucked out.

Josh must notice that he's not moving, that he fucking *can't* move, that all of his limbs and his central nervous system are shot, abuzz with endorphins and adrenaline. He paid to fuck this kid and he should be racked with guilt or shame, but instead he feels ten years younger.

"Do you plan on sleeping there?" Josh frowns, head tilted with concern, an echo of the gesture of seduction from earlier.

"It's very comfortable," Spencer lies. "I might." Josh steps into the front room and returns with his tennis shoes tied and his blue backpack slung over one shoulder. His eyes are bright with exertion as he bends down to kiss Spencer good-bye. Spencer's feeble hand lifts to cup the back of Josh's neck, unwilling to let him go so soon.

"Take care, Mr. Bryant," Josh says as he stands back up. "Call me, please, if you need anything."

Spencer lies there for a while, dozing a bit. He recounts what's just happened, his mind already turning sensation into memory. The workday, the meal, the babysitter, the part where he came harder than he has since this time last year. And when he finally stands, wincing with every sore movement, to drag himself up the stairs, a card on the counter catches his eye. *Joshua Winters*, the card reads. *Childcare and More*. His email address is there, too. Spencer picks up his empty wallet and slides the card in behind his Amex, already sure in the knowledge that he'll call on Josh again. He doesn't need an excuse. Maybe he'll see if Ming-Na wants to go with him to Ventría or, if she's not interested, he'll take himself out to a movie. After all, parents have to take care of themselves, too.

# Freyr's Toothache

Mark Wildyr

Miserable with pain and sick from dismay, Nordus huddled atop a flat rock and gazed morosely into the silver pool of water below. His reflection in the calm surface disturbed him more than the fierce ache in his tooth. When he, a Light Elf of Alfheim, had accompanied Lord Freyr into exile as a hostage to the Aesir, the mighty god of weather and fertility had gratefully transformed him into a beautiful youth of fair proportions and fairer features. Now his handsome jaw was horribly swollen by a fierce toothache. It wasn't right! It wasn't fair!

It was all Freyr's fault. Well, perhaps Nordus shared a tiny bit of guilt, not being able to resist showing off his newfound loveliness by flouncing around the throne room of Odin's hall, Hlidskialf, the high seat of the Allfather in Valaskjalf. After all, Nordus had been an imp all his life, and be they divine or magical or merely mortal, no one could see beyond the wee torso and tiny limbs of his kind. As a dwarf, he was an object of curiosity and suspicion, so it was only natural that he should enjoy the attention accorded his new physical proportions.

Maybe he had gotten a little out of hand, but he certainly was not as wild or tiresome as Thor the thunder god, Odin's odious son. Yet his strutting and flirting had nettled his divine master, and when Odin showed interest in Nordus's long legs and trim behind, Freyr had roared a jealous oath, cursing Nordus with a stabbing pain in one of his molars and banishing him to the land of the mortals. Nordus was sure his lord did not truly mean those hateful words; after all, Freyr would miss his long appendage and fetching behind, too. Nonetheless, the damage was done. Nursing a divinely inflicted toothache of terrible intensity, he had fled the great hall hunched over in pain like the creature he once had been.

It was clear that Freyr regretted his curse, but the mighty lord was too proud to renounce his decision. To the sorrow of both, the youth had trudged out of Asgard, the realm of the gods, across Bifrost, the Bridge of Rainbows, down into Midgard, exiled until the toothache went away. In a

moment of weakness, Freyr confided the malady could be transferred to another, but refused to explain how to accomplish the deed or whether even Heimdall, the watcher of the bridge, would readmit him afterward.

Nordus angrily roiled the calm surface of the pool with a gracefully tapered finger and turned to observe the road behind him. Fortunately, the sun had sufficient strength to cast a modicum of warmth over Norseland, allowing him to remove the heavy winter clothing of furs and to sheathe his long limbs in more shapely attire so as to draw the envy of passing strangers.

Little traffic moved along the road as he pondered, as best he could amid the roaring ache in his head, how to rid himself of this affliction. Freyr had cautioned that pulling the hateful molar would bring no relief. Besides, an extraction might alter the smooth planes of his right cheek, something Nordus simply could not endure.

Reason dictated it would require the touch of a mortal for the pain to pass from his tortured jaw, but he had learned, when he offered the hand of friendship to the first human he encountered, an old man with a load of tanned skins upon his back, that casual contact was of no value. Nordus reacted with childish rage as his agony failed to magically transfer to the bent old peasant, who likely would not even recognize a foreign ache among the lifetime accumulation of his own ills.

Inspiration struck when a tall warrior, accompanied by a fair maid, appeared on the trail. A kiss! A kiss would allow Freyr's wretched toothache to pass directly into another's mouth. As the couple neared, Nordus examined the Norseman carefully. Rich red lips peeking from a thin, youthful beard presented a more tempting target than those of the budding lass. Very well, then it would be a man, but not one with the aggressive step and fierce scowl of the Berserkers, warriors who fought as though crazed. Besides, this one wore Ull's Ship, his shield, on the right forearm and carried a spear in his off-hand. As a true follower of Tyr, the one-handed god of war, this youth was left-handed, the mark of evil! Were Nordus yet an elf, he could have scampered out of the tree line, stolen a kiss and wiggled away before either could object. Alas, normal size brought normal speed and agility. And so, with an aching sigh, he decided to wait for a more acceptable prospect.

Pain finally galvanized him into activity. Nordus strode down the road with anguished purpose until he finally espied a form moving with manly grace at the edge of a small village of thatched huts. For a moment, he believed it was some sturdy lass in trousers, but as he neared, the figure took on definition. No girl had shoulders that broad and square. The

swelling of the breast was masculine. Brawny arms, a waist as narrow as his own and strong thighs sent a ripple of excitement down his back. But the ass, the ass was surely the crowning glory of this creature! When the youth turned to face him, any lingering doubt fell away. That full groin was no mound of Venus; it was the living, pulsing flesh of manhood. The stranger noticed his glance and flushed with an enchanting shyness. Nordus met the blue eyes with astonishment. This man was as fair as he, and the elf had assumed Freyr gave him unmatched beauty. Not so! Here was the living proof—and in a common mortal yet.

Nordus winced from the ache in his molar as he boldly spoke up. “I have traveled far and am thirsty. May a stranger beg a drink of cool water?”

The youth’s bright, intelligent eyes quickly swept him. “It will be my pleasure to accommodate you.” The young man peered at Nordus intently. “Are you in discomfort?”

Nordus’s hand flew to his inflamed jaw. By Thor’s wrinkled stones, he had intended to hide his condition. After all, who would willingly accept his agony? “’Tis but a twinge of the tooth,” he lied, then changed the subject. “My name is Nordus, and I travel from a land far removed, a stranger in your midst.”

“Welcome then, stranger. I answer to Olaf, Olaf of Thur- mingen.”

“Nordus of Alfheim,” he responded carelessly, extending his hand. Balls! Was it Olaf’s beauty or the beastly toothache that rendered him a dolt? Olaf’s grip was firm, and if he made the connection to the land of the Light Elves, it did not show in his clear eyes.

“May I offer you food, as well?” the yellow-haired Norseman asked.

“That would be most welcome.” Though Nordus was not even certain he could gnaw in his present ill condition. “Will your goodwife not resent another belly to feed?”

A shadow blurred the features of the incredible youth. “Alas, I have no wife. You will, I’m afraid, have to suffer a meal of my own preparation.”

“Gladly!” Nordus gave a broad smile only slightly twisted by pain. And then, amazed at the depth of his hunger and the pleasant taste of the simple fare, Nordus wolfed the food, careful to chew on the left side of his mouth. Nonetheless, the accursed tooth flared.

He learned a little of the handsome Olaf as they sat in front of the small hut. The young man’s father, the village smith, had recently passed into the arms of Hel, daughter of Loki, Goddess of the Underworld. Olaf, an apprentice, succeeded his father as blacksmith. No wonder his lithe frame



bore an overlay of hard muscle, thought Nordus. As to his single state, his father's lingering illness had cost Olaf time to pursue a certain lass who now belonged to another.

At the fall of darkness, Olaf offered shelter for the night, which Nordus readily accepted. As he lay back against a rude pillow, his jaw pulsed with unbearable pain. He sat up abruptly.

"What is it?" Olaf asked in some alarm from his own pallet.

"I...I forgot myself," Nordus fumbled for a reply. "I had intended to render a small reward for your kindness."

"Unnecessary," Olaf scoffed. "I did not offer hospitality out of a desire for gain."

"My reward is less venal, more, shall we say, personal." Nordus rose and crossed the scant distance between them by the light of a single candle. "Much more personal," he added, lowering his head to meet the open, astonished lips of the comely mortal.

Olaf responded, while Nordus laid aside his aches and pains in the sweetness of the moment. He drew away believing his mission had been accomplished, only to have the traitorous tooth stab his head anew. He had failed! Still, abandoning his usual selfishness, Nordus was almost glad. After all, the youth lying beneath his gaze, his sleeping shift open to expose a strong, pulsing throat, was desirable beyond all things. With a cry, Nordus threw himself atop the stunning Norseman and sought yet a second kiss, a third. Olaf surrendered without resistance, Nordus's tongue invading the willing cavity. Desire raged so strongly that the aching jaw was half-forgotten. His staff rose and pressed against Olaf's groin. Through the furred bed covers, Nordus felt the other's manhood swell as well.

When naked flesh at last met naked flesh, they ceased to think and merely functioned. Nordus tasted the youth from head to toe. Unlike many of his countrymen, who resembled golden bears, the smith had a thick, yellow pelt only at his groin. Nordus sucked greedily just below said patch until Olaf purged a heavy load of seed from his dangling sac.

Glorying in the taste of the nectar, only partially marred by his throbbing tooth, Nordus raised the boy's muscled legs and moved against the firm, rounded orbs. Inflamed by more than a toothache, Nordus ruthlessly stabbed his sword of fertility into the boy's fundament. Pain twisted the beautiful features below, though the youth's face soon cleared. Olaf smiled with apparent joy.

Exultant at the conquest of this mortal masculine beauty, Nordus attacked so eagerly he almost failed to draw the full measure of pleasure

from the thing. And then, as Freyr had taught him, he settled into a gentle rhythm he could maintain for a long time. Only when Olaf spewed his seed yet again did Nordus rut with unbridled passion. When his milk of life finally shot from his swollen testicles, Nordus roared his ecstasy for all to hear.

At first, he took Olaf's own cry as one of sensual excitement, but when the boy's hands flew to his jaw, Nordus realized his tooth no longer ached. The molten pain had flowed along with his seed to infect his partner. Nordus drew himself to his feet and raised clenched fists, delighted to be free of the infernal ache!

*Now, Freyr, now I can come home!*

The former elf's thoughts slid to the beautiful young man writhing before him in pain. Triumph died as something so foreign swelled within his breast that Nordus almost failed to recognize it: regret! Sorrowful that the stupendous smith had inherited his pain and unaccustomed to such selflessness, Nordus helplessly hovered over Olaf.

"Your...your toothache," the boy moaned. "I have your toothache!"

"Oh, my love!" Nordus startled himself with his own words. "What can I do?"

Olaf sat, bravely attempting to contain his agony. "Pull it! Pry it from my head!"

"That will not do," Nordus answered slowly, deliberately. "This is not, shall we say, a usual toothache."

Holding his jaw, Olaf squinted up at him. "Nay, it's a fierce one!"

Anxious to be of comfort, Nordus dropped to his knees before the virile Norseman. "Mayhap we can take your mind from it. When I loved you, I forgot about the ache. Mount me, and perhaps it will do the same for you."

The miserable boy shook his head. "I am in too much pain. Besides, I have bled my sac twice. I'm not up for more of that." "Of course you are," Nordus cooed, pushing him flat on his back, brushing a pink nipple as he gazed longingly upon the impressive staff. Despite the bitter pain, Olaf's long rod firmed until it stood alone and unaided, pulsing wetly in the light of the candle.

Nordus straddled the boy and impaled himself on the magnificent column. The glorious heat of the living sword radiated throughout his body, and Olaf's manhood flowered in Nordus's dark recesses. Despite his pain, the blond Norseman began to thrust. Nordus cooed and murmured and moaned in ecstasy as Olaf applied the strength and stamina of a village smith pounding his anvil. Unaided, Nordus spewed his milky seed across

the youth's fair torso. At last, Olaf delivered his own load in long, grunting thrusts. Nordus gloried in the sexual fever inflaming his partner until Olaf ceased his efforts and contentedly closed his dazzling eyes of blue.

Nordus gave the weary smile of the truly sated and then winced with sudden pain. Freyr's toothache! It was back! The wily god of fertility had outsmarted him, ensuring that Nordus would not abandon his ruler for a handsome piece of mortal flesh. The humanized elf paced the hut and raged against the fates for half a candle span until his loving companion drew him back to bed and cuddled him into a restless sleep.

Nordus endured horrible pain for an entire fortnight, that and a deepening love for his handsome mate. The two smitten youths passed the divine toothache back and forth, each accepting the agony out of love for the other. Unable to hide the reason for this mysterious affliction, Nordus confessed all, causing Olaf to withdraw in fear as he learned that his enamored was ruled by the gods. But the Norseman could not long deny his love. Accepting this as beyond both his ken and his ability to forego, the youth soon returned to claim his share of both pleasure and pain.

Eventually, the day came when Nordus realized he must return to beg Freyr's mercy. In order to do so, he had to be rid of the toothache, but he was unwilling to abandon the burden to his lover, a realization that stunned the former elf. By the gods, he loved this mortal! Loved him more than... than himself! When Olaf declared his intention of accompanying him, Nordus protested, uncertain over the reception of a mortal in Asgard.

"I don't care what happens, Nordus. I will not be parted from you until Hel calls me to Niflheim."

"But that may in fact be the ultimate result," he objected. "And its great hall, Elvidnir, lives up to its name in full measure. It means misery, you know."

"Then so be it. We will make love now and return the ache to you, but before we cross the Rainbow Bridge, I will take it again so you are free to enter Asgard."

"Are you certain?"

"As certain as I am that I love you."

"And I you. That sounds strange to my ears. I have never loved another beyond myself, not even Freyr." He laid a hand on Olaf's firm, fair chest. Gratefully, he sank to the pallet and accepted the gift of love and the bane of the curse from the most beautiful man on earth and all of the seven heavens combined. Still, it pained him that the glory of their orgasmic

culmination was compromised by the hateful torture of Freyr's toothache yet again.

As his mate lay recovering, Nordus nursed his pain and gathered the things they would require for the trip. Then he sat outside the hut and drew runes in the sand: Fehu, the sign of Freyr and his sister, Freya, then the Algiz for protection and defense, and finally Raido, the sign of journeying.

When Nordus explained he was calling on the ancient Futhark for their magical properties, Olaf scratched a jagged lightning streak to beseech Thor's favor. Odin the Allfather was preferred by the warriors and kings of Midgard, while common folk worshiped Thor the thunder god. Nordus permitted his lover's crude scratching, though it was not a proper rune.

After passing the hateful toothache back and forth during the night, the two rose early and embarked on their journey. Although he had easily found his way to Midgard, Nordus was not at all certain he could locate the pathway to the Shining Plain of Asgard. At length, the former elf was forced to admit he had no idea where he was going.

"Simply return the way you came," Olaf proclaimed in mortal innocence.

"Were it that easy! Things are visible from the firmament that are imperceptible here below."

"That makes sense, or so the skalds say," Olaf agreed in good humor. He had passed the terrible ache to Nordus during their midday tumble. "I know!" he then cried in a moment of inspiration. "There is a volva at Oskaya. Perhaps she will perform seidr and show us the way. I have enough gold to pay the seeress." Olaf drew a few small disks of Aegir's fire from his purse. "They are the inheritance from my father."

"I cannot spend your gold on her. We will find the way. I'll simply try harder."

"And when you locate the bridge, how will I sneak past Heimdall? They say he never sleeps. He can see in the dark, even hear sheep's wool growing."

Nordus drew himself to full height. "We will not sneak over the Rainbow Bridge; we will walk onto the Shining Plain as if we belong."

"You may belong there, but I am a mere mortal," Olaf sighed.

"Freyr will not deny me!" Nordus declared proudly, wondering if perhaps the ache in his head were not rendering him silly.

Their discourse was interrupted by two filthy toughs, although it was not clear if their offensive odor emanated from unwashed bodies or the poorly

tanned skins they wore.

“By the gods!” one swore gruffly. “Have you ever seen such pretties?”

“Nay,” the other answered in a curiously high voice for such a bulky creature. “Which one do you like?”

“Why both, of course,” his companion laughed, a sound like gravel pouring down a hillside.

The second ruffian smacked his forehead with a grimy palm. “By Thor’s thunder, ye be right. But I claim the one with hair like the dark of night. Try not to ruin the fair one with your broad blade, for I’ll have him as a sweet.”

Astonishing them all, Olaf declared they would be neither main course nor dessert and leapt forward to clap the nearest thug on the ears with both hands. The brute staggered back, palms pressed to his injured organs. Olaf slugged the man in his ample belly, throwing the full weight of his body behind the blow. The brute dropped like a stone.

Nordus, shocked out of his paralysis, did what he had done a thousand times as an elf: he darted between the legs of the other man. Given his present stature, this did not work quite as well as usual. Stuck between the man’s foul thighs, he straightened his back and sent the hooligan flying head over heels. The two brutes scrambled to their feet and promptly fled.

Exhilarated, the young swains fell to the ground and made passionate love, uncaring who might be watching. Finally sated, they rose, dressed, and proceeded down the path, hearts beating, pulses racing as one. Nordus was once again in possession of the now-familiar pain of Freyr’s toothache since they had twice exchanged juices in the fervor of their excitement.

That night, as they lay beside one another by the glowing embers of a warming fire, Nordus marveled at the sheer beauty of entering his lover once again. Nothing had ever seemed as right, as natural, as satisfying. In spite of his desire to be rid of the terrible ache, he delayed his release as long as possible. When he could no longer deny his orgasm, he sighed happily as his stones emptied into Olaf’s gripping channel.

Nordus woke at dawn, disturbed by a strange noise to the north, the rush of a fleet ship loudly parting the waves. That could not be, he thought. After all, the sea lay far to the east. And then he understood. Freyr had sent for him! Filled with excitement, he shook his companion awake. Olaf, groggy from fitful rest because of the toothache, was slow to rouse. By the time he rubbed the sleep from his eyes, a majestic ship appeared on the horizon and rapidly bore down upon them, the crewmen’s long oars biting into the

wind.

“Magic!” the young mortal cried.

“Aye. A god’s magic, Olaf. That is Freyr’s ship, Skidbladnir, made for him by my own people to sail the seas, the land, the very air above the gard.”

“It is huge!” Olaf gasped.

“And yet he stores it in his knapsack when it is not in use.” “Magic!” the Norseman repeated in awe.

Nordus stood and drew on clothing to hide his nakedness, although the cool air was a balm to his staff, which was pleasantly sore from the prior night’s activity. Who had Freyr sent? Loki, the trickster god? One of the Valkyries, the women who determined which warriors fell in battle? He certainly hoped not.

The two young men stood straddle-legged, arms on hips, as the great craft drifted to a halt beside them, hovering in the air above the ground, bobbing gently as if riding the ocean’s waves. One pale face appeared over the rail, a second and then a third.

Nordus’s heart thudded. Freyr’s messengers were the Norms, the three fates: supernatural women who determined the direction of a man’s life. He muttered as much to Olaf, who swallowed his terror and remained steadfastly at Nordus’s side, a measure of his love.

“Hail, Nordus of Alfheim,” a raspy voice called down. It was Urd, Fate.

“Has there been a mistake?” Skuld, Necessity, inquired. “He has not the appearance of a Light Elf. In fact, he looks quite delicious.”

“Stop playing the fool!” snapped Verdandi, Being. “You well know Freyr transformed him. That’s what got the beauty into trouble in the first place, showing off those wide shoulders and long legs, not to mention that fetching bulge beneath his codpiece.”

Nordus ignored the byplay. They were always fussing among themselves. He concentrated on the eldest sister, Urd. “Has my Lord Freyr sent for me?”

“In a manner,” came the reply. “He dispatched us to see if you have recovered your senses. Are you rid of Freyr’s ache?”

“For the moment,” Nordus answered, glancing at the handsome youth beside him.

“Then you are ready to return to the bosom of your master. Good!”

“Only if Olaf accompanies me.”

“Impossible!” hissed Skuld. “You know better than that. This handsome handful is mortal! He belongs here in Midgard.”

“That is not for you to say!” Nordus cried. “I am ready to return to my lord, but Olaf comes with me. I demand it!”

“You demand it?” Verdandi laughed. “A Light Elf makes demands of his divine master?”

“Nay, Nordus.” Uld shook her head sadly. “Freyr permits but two choices: come to his bed or return to Alfheim. But he gives you the right to decide your own fate. Unless,” she added archly, “you cannot make up your head; then it becomes our decision.”

“But if I return to Alfheim, I will once again be an elf!” he protested.

“Just so.” Skuld smirked. “And it would be criminal to cast off such beauty as you possess. Criminal!”

Olaf nervously cleared his throat and overcame his fear. “Wherever he goes, I, Olaf of Thuringen, go as well. This I swear!”

“Take care of what you swear, you beautiful man.” Verdandi gazed down upon the two of them. “Are you certain you wish to go to the land of the elves?”

“I will accompany my love anywhere he goes in whatever form required,” Olaf announced stubbornly.

“You may go, but only as an elf, fair Olaf. We would not want you stomping the little dears with those big feet, now would we?” The Norm called Being laughed. “Besides, think on this, his little rear would not admit you. And his pole would be but a splinter in your flesh!”

The three women shared a ribald laugh over the imagery those words conjured.

“Then I will be an elf!” Olaf declared, struggling to sound as if he meant his words. “Provided,” he added, “you rid me of this accursed toothache!”

“So be it. Climb aboard so we may get underway,” Urd ordered. “’Tis a long trek, even for this fine vessel.”

Nordus laid a hand on his lover’s arm. “Think on it, Olaf. Are you certain you wish to be transformed? You are a hand- some man without the artifice of the gods...as was required for the likes of me.”

“I cannot believe you were much different in your other form. And if you are willing to give up your present stature for me, can I do less for you?”

“Then it will be so!” Nordus breathed with a tremble in his voice. No one had ever sacrificed so much for him. Nor he for another, come to think on it.

As they climbed aboard Skidbladnir, each of the Norms struck Olaf

smartly on the right cheek. Startled, the young human rubbed his jaw.

“It’s gone!” he declared. “Freyr’s toothache is gone! Oh, Nordus, now I can love you without distraction!”

“You can love me any way you wish!” Skuld simpered before her sisters drew her away.

In the privacy of their cabin, the two young men made love so enthusiastically they dropped into a deep sleep afterward. It was morn before they woke. Nordus opened his eyes to find Olaf sitting beside him, staring down the long expanse of a gigantic mattress. The bed, Nordus knew, had not grown; they had simply shrunk.

He turned to his lover. Elf he might now be, but Olaf had lost none of his fair beauty. The limbs were straight and layered with firm muscle. The nose was snubbed, the mouth and ears well formed. And his eyes yet held the wonderful blue of the sky. Nordus glanced at his own body, still slender. He understood from his companion’s adoring gaze that his features remained comely. Freyr had been generous. Tiny they were, reaching but to the knees of the men they once had been, but the great god of weather and fertility had allowed them to retain their beauty.

The two handsome, shapely elves fell upon each other to prove all of their parts were in good working order. Absent the divine toothache, they did indeed function better than ever!



# No Ifs, Ands or Butts

Rob Rosen

So I dropped the soap on purpose. As if anyone would know. Well, anyone as in *him*. See, I sort of planned my showers to coincide with his. Dan's, that is to say. We always worked out at the same time, the gym not too far from either of our offices. And it didn't take me all that long to figure out his routine. Meaning, I knew when he'd be showering. Ergo, I knew when I'd be showering. Ergo again, I also knew when to drop that aforementioned soap of mine.

There were three showerheads in the locker room. Dan routinely took the far right; I took the middle. When he would bend down to clean his feet, cheeks jutting out, hairy crack spread, hole just slightly visible, that was my cue. *Whoops*. And, voilà, my face would be a fraction of an inch away from his ass, so close I could almost lean in and give it a lick and a slurp and a tender if not completely eager bite.

Only, of course, I never did—what with us being in the gym and all, and him not knowing of my intentions. Or spotting my semi-woodie, which I'd will with all my might to keep semi as the warm water rushed over it. *Shhh*, I'd whisper to it, if only in my head. *Down boy*. Besides, it would eventually get its turn. See, I had a routine, too: work out, shower, drop the soap and then jack off lickety-split in the nearest bathroom stall. Lonely if not entirely expedient.

Except, as it turned out, I'd been mistaken about certain things, namely Dan's recognition of my intentions. Go figure.

A couple of weeks into all this, after enough dropped soap to clean up a nice-sized schooner, I, as usual, headed for a crapper to relieve my burgeoning stiffness. I closed the metal door behind me, *clank*, and a second later heard the door next to mine also go *clank*. I stared down at the bare feet beneath the divider. *Gulp*. I recognized them. Dan's. After all, by then I knew them quite intimately, each hairy knuckle and clipped toenail.

Then there was nothing but quiet, not even a stream of piss to break the silence, until he said, in a hushed whisper, "I know."

*Gulp* again. “Know what?” I whispered back, heart racing like a jackrabbit’s on meth.

He didn’t answer. I mean, not in words. Instead, he stood, moved to the side of the toilet, and crouched. And then there, all of a sudden, was his stunning ass, those magnificent alabaster cheeks aiming for the tile. “Oops, dropped the soap,” he finally replied, with a raspy chuckle that caused quite a few beads of perspiration to suddenly appear on my face.

Which meant that my subtlety obviously left a lot to be desired. In any case, since it was his ass he was offering and not a knuckle sandwich, it didn’t rightly matter. In other words, I too was standing and then crouching, shaky hands reaching beneath the metal divider, grabbing for his glorious flesh, my cock pulsing upon three-two-one contact.

“Better?” he whispered.

My fingers kneaded his ass like well-worked dough, index fingers tickling the fine hairs that ran down his crack. “Much,” I groaned.

“Good,” he moaned back. “Have at it.”

I stared at the gray metal in front of me. It was an odd yet utterly enticing offer he was making. And since an ass in the hand is worth...well, you get the picture. So, as he’d instructed, I had at it—limited though my *it* might have been.

My hands mapped every inch of that fabulous ass of his, working from the outside in, from the top down, tickling and tweaking and tugging at his cheeks before my digits arrived dead center. He pushed his butt into my fingers as they swirled around his crinkled hole, tracing every nook and cranny, yanking at the fine hairs that circled it.

“More,” he grunted, ass rocking as, I figured, he started stroking his cock out of my line of vision.

Naturally, his disembodied rump quickly got just that: *more*. I got on my knees, my steely cock sliding beneath the metal divider. The meaty head got slapped up against his tender hole, the shaft gliding across it, back and forth, my prick slamming into his nut sac. Sweat started to trickle down my chest as every nerve ending in my body went off like Fourth of July fireworks.

“More,” he soon repeated, like a greedy-Gus. So out my dick slid, reluctantly, and back my fingers went, though now slicked up with copious amounts of spit. I teased his hole and gently slid the tip of my index finger inside. He sucked in his breath and clenched, but soon enough allowed the intrusion. With my free hand I pumped my prick, the other beneath the divider, that index finger of mine soon joined by its shorter neighbor. In

and out, in and out, sliding and gliding and pumping and pistoning, feeling the smooth, muscled interior of him all the happy while.

Despite my eager ministrations, even that wasn't enough for good old Dan. That ass of his, it seemed, was super hungry. "More," he moaned, yet again, the sound low and deep and needy, rumbling across the metal divide and then through me like a speeding locomotive.

*More?* I thought, looking around the tight stall. And then I smiled, the proverbial lightbulb above my head suddenly shining like a beacon. Thankfully, my years as a Boy Scout finally came in handy. In other words, I made do with what was provided for me by Mother Nature. Or, in this case, Black & Decker.

The toilet roll came off, the metal tubing in the center released from its holder. It wasn't as thick or as long as my cock, though it was equally hard, and would, I figured, do the trick. I spit on it, the thick saliva dripping down the metal as it glistened beneath the fluorescent lighting. Then I lubed him up again, soaking his hole with a loogie.

Slowly, I inserted the tip. He chuckled, softly, when he realized my ingenious methodology for getting him off. "Nice," he rasped, pushing his ass down over it, until the silver started to disappear, inch by metal inch. I watched it slide in, strangely jealous of it. I stared down at my prick and frowned, as if to say, *Sorry, big guy; maybe next time.*

And so I pumped away at my prick, balls steadily rising as they swayed to and fro, all while I fucked that perfect little ass of his with the toilet-roll holder. Up and down his butt went, his feet firmly planted as he ground into it, moaning softly from the other side of the divider. My own moans joined his, until there was a hushed symphony of it, climbing steadily to their inevitable crescendo.

"Close," he soon whispered, now huffing and puffing.

I pumped faster, both on his ass and on my cock. "Closer," I whispered back, eyes glued to his flawless cheeks as his legs started to tremble, his feet bouncing atop the cold tile.

And then I watched as thick streams of pungent come, namely his, came splattering down, *plop, plop, plop*, onto the floor beneath him. The sight of it caused my cock to twitch and then erupt. My face tilted back, mouth agape, and I came as silently as I possibly could. Great streams of spunk shot out, slamming into the metal partition before gliding down in a torrent of white and then dripping onto the floor.

Fighting to catch my breath, I popped the tube out of his ass. *Pop.* He sighed and stood, cleaning up his mess before flushing it down the toilet.

"See you tomorrow, Todd," he whispered as he exited the stall, quick as wink.

I grinned. "Tomorrow, Dan," I whispered back. "No ifs, ands or *butts* about it."

I heard him chuckle yet again as he disappeared back into the locker room. Then I cleaned up, flushed and also made my way back. I didn't see him, so he must've been changing on a different aisle than I was. Still, the next night, as was our routine, there he was, stellar ass encased in tight nylon shorts, while he pumped his iron, perspiration pouring off his handsome face. He nodded and smiled at me, and I at him, my cock already thickening in my sweats at the mere sight of him, the image of his very nearly perfect ass burnished in my mind.

The shower, of course, came next. Him on the right, me in the middle, his finely etched body lathered up, me staring on, watching, waiting for my cue. And then, sure enough, he bent over and started in on his feet, legs wider than usual, hole winking out at me as if to say, Come and get it! Meaning, my soap was quickly dropped, landing achingly near his feet. Slowly, I craned down, face so close to that hair-lined crack and hair-haloed hole of his that I could smell the lingering musk and sweat. I snapped a thousand mental pictures of it as I leaned there, but then, all too soon, and all too sadly, righted myself.

Feet clean, he also righted himself. Then he pointed his finger out of the shower and across to the sinks. "Ah," I groaned and nodded, spotting our reflections staring back at us. "That's how you knew. Mirrors."

He nodded. "At least you're consistent, Todd," he replied, with a wink.

I saw his wink and raised him a smirk. "And at least you have a perfect ass, Dan," I told him. "It makes my consistency so much easier to come by—literarily."

He laughed and wiggled his finger at me, indicating that I should follow him, ass swaying as he sauntered over to the farthest of the bathroom stalls. I stared from it to him. Mostly to it. When he entered the stall, I joined him inside, both of us naked. He shut the door behind us, then grabbed me and pulled me in, chest to chest, cock to cock, face to, at long last, face.

"Much better without the divider," he said with a heavy sigh, blue eyes sparkling like sapphires.

I grabbed for his ass, naturally, and tenderly stroked his cheeks. "Much," I readily agreed.

Then I sank to my knees, and there it was, not hidden by a wall or soft and wet and dangling in front of parted thighs, but thick and long and

throbbing, an entity unto itself. It stood straight out, slightly curved to the right, mushroomed head leaking, veins traveling down a fat shaft, balls so low they were practically in their own zip code.

I leaned in and took a deep whiff. He smelled of soap and sex. I licked the tip, precome hitting the back of my throat like a bullet, then took it in my mouth, gliding my lips around and down it. He rocked his hips, cock slamming into my throat as a happy gagging tear streamed down my cheek.

I stared up at him, across his muscled expanse of hairy belly and hairy chest, into eyes so blue they'd make the very sky jealous.

"Mmm," I hummed, stroking my cock as I sucked on his, flesh throbbing in my mouth as he ran his fingers through my still-wet hair.

"Mmm," he groaned back, finding his pace between my lips. When I yanked on his balls, his groan turned to a grunt. "You like to watch, Todd?" he then whispered down my way as he extricated his cock from its warm hiding place.

Again I glanced up, echoing his *mmm* with one of my own. "Then watch," he rasped, taking hold of his billy club of a prick; the stroke began, slow and steady, matching mine, pull for pull, tug for tug, all while I gazed on, mere inches away from

the heated action.

When his legs began to buckle, I knew he was close. Thankfully, so was I, fist now lightning fast against flesh, my cock but a blur. Moments later, his head was tossed back, mouth in a pant as his rod went reeling, a Vesuvius-like load jetting out before sailing over my shoulder, thick gobs of it raining down on my neck and back, a lucky strike licked off my proffered lips.

At the acrid taste of him, my own cock spewed, dousing the tile in an aromatic stream of pearly white. My body twitched and spasmed as he watched me and I watched him. "Fuckin'-A," I exhaled, with a sheepish grin, shaking the last vestiges of come from my still-swollen prick.

Again I stood as our lips met, mouths pressed up good and tight, tongues snaking and coiling as I thumped my fingers against his tight little hole. His now-familiar chuckle made its triumphant return. "No ifs, ands or *butts* about it, huh, Todd?"

"Not when it comes to this butt, Dan," I replied, clamping on to it, good and tight. "No sir, no fucking how."

# Super Service

Michael Roberts

My front door was wide open and so was my mouth.

The vision in front of me wore an immaculately white crew-neck T-shirt that hugged his chest as if it and the torso had fallen in love and intended to cling to each other as closely as possible. I couldn't blame the T-shirt. A fanciful image, *peut-être*, but the sight made me absolutely giddy.

His jeans were washed, pressed, loose fit and somehow more sensual than if they were skin tight and composed mostly of patches, holes and loose thread.

He was looking down at a clipboard in his hands, and the top of his head was sexy. The light-brown hair was short and one small tuft wasn't properly combed, and this imperfection was endearing. I asked myself how I could swoon over a man whose face I hadn't yet seen. He glanced up, and everything was a gorgeous picture with the doorway as frame.

He appeared to be in his early twenties. His nose was aquiline and his lips were firm and his eyelashes were lovely little creatures that had wandered onto the symmetry of his features. "Mr. March?" he asked, and I could tell from his tone and from the expression on his captivating visage that he had said

the same thing earlier and I hadn't heard, so taken was I. "Yes," I answered, "that's me. That's I. I'm him. I'm he. I'm March."

There was a beat of silence, after which he said, with a slight smile that could have meant so many things, "I'm Reggie. I'm here about your cable television."

"There's nothing wrong with my cable," I said, nearly blushing at the double entendre, bereft to know that there thus was no reason for him to stay, that he soon would pass out of my entranced vision. I didn't want to tell him that I knew nothing was wrong with the cable because I'd been watching a Lifetime movie with Heather Locklear.

"I'm here preventatively," he improbably said. "I want to make sure nothing goes wrong in the future."

“Oh,” I replied and continued to stand like a dunderhead in the door until Reggie raised his eyebrows interrogatively. I sort of squeaked, “Oh,” and stood aside to let him into the apartment.

“Where’s the TV?” he asked, and I wordlessly pointed. Reggie rippled toward the living room. His upper body

flowed beneath the white cotton, his thighs reluctantly releasing the denim as he moved. He bent over to inspect the cable connection, and I was mesmerized by the smoothness of his bejeaned rear end. I reflected that I was a man somewhere in his thirties with a certain level of sophistication and intelligence and savoir faire, and therefore I should not be subject to such emotional overload, and then Reggie squatted in front of the wall plug-in, and the fabric embraced the semicircles of his ass, and I was utterly lost.

“Were you watching this?” he asked, nonjudgmentally, indicating Heather’s shock as she realized that her sister was in fact her brother and guilty of at least three murders, including the one of the Pekinese.

“Phhh,” I said dismissively with an airy flip of my hand. “I was trying to find that special on Etruscan art.”

“I hope it gets shown again because I’ve got to commandeer your set for a while.”

“Fine, fine,” I assured him. “Fine. I’ll just...” I gestured in the direction of my easy chair. Was there, heaven forbid, a porno mag on the side table or a gossip sheet, something that I perused as an alternative to my regular intellectual pursuits? Good, there was a Henry James novel that I’d been trying to read for two years. I sat down and opened the book and attacked the first chapter, the first sentence that went on for three pages.

“Is there another TV?” asked Reggie.

“In my bedroom,” I told him, “through that door. And also one in my roommate’s bedroom, that way.”

I could see him in the corner of my bedroom with the set, and although nothing was occurring but his turning things off and on and fiddling with wires, he was also turning me on.

Next, he went down the hallway and over to Travis’s room and out of view. He was out of view even when I got up and tried, ever so casually, to see him. I was, irrationally, jealous.

Irrationally because, for one thing, Travis wasn’t even there, so nothing was happening, unless, of course, Reggie had thrown himself on Travis’s bed, as if he were in a different Lifetime movie and was rolling about lasciviously, running his hands up and down his marvelous body, and I was

becoming vaporous, and I needed to put the brakes to the fantasy train on which I found myself, though, yes, if Travis were there, he probably would be admiring Reggie's construction; what breathing gay male wouldn't?

Travis and I had been, at various stages in our relationship, lovers, buddies, cronies and maybe soon to be crones, now, for the moment, closest friends. Someday, we would be like old dogs who would sniff each other's butt and realize that we had been on that route before, many times before, and we would pad harmlessly to the fire and lie down to sleep, our legs twitching in remembered romantic pursuits, and people would no longer be able to tell us apart.

But we weren't at that point, yet, and so I was indulging in absurd resentments over a roommate who was away from the city visiting another friend. I didn't know if I was suspicious of Travis's succumbing to the charms of his buddy, whom I knew to be attractive and about whom I myself had the rather-more-than-occasional lubricious thought, or envisioning Reggie's enticements having their sway over Travis if he were here, which he wasn't, and what if he found Reggie to be more alluring than me—which, all things considered, was possibly not impossible—oh god, my head was aching, and I sank down into my chair and sat on Henry James.

The doorbell rang.

One paid the price for living in an apartment building in which the lobby door didn't ever completely latch, allowing all sorts of interlopers to, well, interlope.

I sprang up.

Then a part of me sprang up farther. In the hallway stood a man who was stocky in a linebacker sort of way—I'd learned a few things about football from a former lover who was into sports and sportsmen, which was why I still had a Pavlovian response to men who looked like athletes. He was wearing a short-sleeved shirt that was trying to meet the challenge of keeping its wearer's upper section encased but had partially given up. Two buttons were open over intriguing curvatures, and biceps that had biceps were about to burst the seams. His work pants were of a matching gray-green color with front pockets that gaped over hefty, muscular thighs.

He was examining a clipboard in his hands, and the top of his head was sexy. (The scent of déjà vu and the not-unpleasant tang of perspiration wafted across my quivering nostrils.) His thinning dark-brown hair was in a brush style. I asked myself how I could be so enamored of a man whose face I hadn't yet seen, and he glanced up and answered my question.

His face was also athletic—as if it had been in scrimmages in which the



opposing team had wreaked some havoc but had not damaged his innate good looks. The tip of his nose angled a bit and a small scar creased his jawline. He was probably in his midthirties.

"I'm Ken, and I'm here about the plumbing," he informed me.

"My plumbing's all right," I said, and I very nearly added, "according to my latest doctor's visit," but I didn't. Suddenly, I felt as if I were in one of those experimental films that play with time and sequence and I didn't know the script.

"Are you Mr. March?" "I think so."

His aspect didn't change—well, there may have been a flicker of a smile.

"Actually, it's not *your* plumbing, but some of the apartments below yours. There's a problem that we think may have started farther up, and we're trying to find out where."

"That's logical," I said, although that wasn't true—in fact, I thought I saw logic's tail disappearing at the end of the hallway.

"So if I may, I'd like to look under your kitchen sink."

I wanted to say, "Yes, and I'd like to examine your pipes, too," but I didn't. Instead, I said, "You may," feeling as if I were in a fog.

"*Well...*" he said, and indicated that perhaps it would be best if I got out of the doorway and let him into the apartment.

"Of course," I said, and moved. He reached down and picked up his toolbox, and when he had entered, I led him into the kitchen, glad that I had washed the dishes and emptied the trash.

He opened the cabinet beneath the sink and lowered himself headfirst into it. Soon he was lying on his back, his upper half inside, his lower half sprawled along the floor. I stared down at him. His thighs weren't all that stretched his pants.

"That's okay," he muffledly said, "you don't need to hang around."

*And groin gawk*, I told myself under my mental breath. "I'll call you if I need anything," he added.

I retreated. It wasn't enough that his bottom section was spread before me and that his crotch was jam-packed, making my own crotch tight, but his legs were the sides of a triangle and the apex was richly round, distracting my exit. I bumped into the kitchen doorjamb and tried to get out of the room before he noticed my awkward egress and emerged from the cave of my cabinet, wrench in hand. I continued to back away into the living room to my chair and sat on Henry James.

I may have squawked, and I rose precipitously up as if Henry had

pinched me. Simultaneously, the doorbell rang. I stifled a second squawk and went to answer.

Continuing my descent into the zoomorphic, I nearly bleated like an alarmed sheep. At the door was a man in painter's clothes, with a spot of ochre on his fly. He was looking at a clipboard in his hand, and the top of his head was of course sexy, his hair combed in a sort of Elvis Presley fashion and glistening in the hallway light. Hadn't I been in a scene something like this one not long ago? When he glanced up at me, I saw that under the painter's cap, he was attractive: he had a mustache and was young looking, middle twenties, except for wrinkles around eyes that were a penetrating shade of blue, and I did not want to be thinking about penetration, and I said, "Uh?"

"I'm Frank," he responded, although responded may not be the right term—how do you respond to "Uh"?

"I'm a painter," he said, rather unnecessarily.

"I didn't—" I said, and he said, "I know, but your landlord—" and I said, "It's rather busy here," and he said, "Oh, I'm not painting today; I'm just checking things out," and so was I, and I said, "Uh."

He waved a set of paint samples at me, and I nodded, having run out of things to say. I let him into the apartment, wondering when the tea party was going to begin.

As he went past me, I smelled a subtle cologne, certainly not *eau de Sherwin Williams*, and that was odd, but I got distracted by the fact that his work clothes fit his body so well, and he had a fittable body. He walked with a certain insouciance, a certain swing to the hips, that one wouldn't—or at least I wouldn't—have associated with a housepainter.

He flashed a grin that left me weak from top to bottom and in between, and he headed toward a hallway, and I wandered to my easy chair and sat down on Henry James.

I tried to read the Henry James, which might have been written in a foreign language. Henry James has that effect on a lot of people. But a lot of people are impressed by Henry James, and I find that the mere mention of the author or his books, whether or not one has actually *read* Henry James, can be useful in cruising a certain kind of target.

I didn't know how many times I'd struggled through the first sentence when Ken came into the living room and coughed discreetly. I jumped a few feet and said, with my sang as froid as I could muster at the moment, "Yes?"

"The problem may be in the bathroom," he said, "so may I..." I vaguely

indicated the way, and he went in that direction.

I settled back to Henry James's confusing syntax. "Mr. March," Ken called after a few minutes.

I marked my place with a finger, superfluously, since getting back to page one would present no problems. "Yes?"

"Would you come here? I want to show you something."

I put Henry James on a table—I'd sat on him as often as one should sit on Henry James in an afternoon—and walked to the bathroom and went in. I said, "What do you want to show me?"

He shut the door and faced me and replied, "This," and pulled down his pants, and his hard cock jutted out.

It went very nicely with the décor of the bathroom.

"Do you like it?" he asked, and I said, "Ahhh..." or maybe I said, "Ummm..."

Whatever I said seemed to encourage him, for he said, "Would you like to try it?"

Of course I would. I was alive, wasn't I?

On any other afternoon, a stranger's showing me his cock in my bathroom might have been extraordinary; the way this day was going, it was just par for the peculiar course.

He sat on the toilet seat, and I got on my knees in front of him and gulped down his dick.

It was as athletic as the rest of him—just as beefy and brawny as it had appeared under the masking of his packed pants, and capable of crashing through the opposing team's front line. Maybe it too had been in many bouts, as it wasn't quite perpendicular but arched to the left.

When I tasted it, I was transported back to my, shall we say, love of sports.

I usually don't think much when I'm sucking cock, but it did occur to me to wonder if I'd gone over to the dark side and was simply imaging this tenderloin of man between my teeth. I then went on to think of the other two men in the apartment and hope that they were keeping occupied, and then I tried to remember when it was that Travis was arriving home.

Maybe I should arise with some of my dignity somewhat intact, I thought, but no, I wasn't going to look a gift cock in the mouth, so I kept it in my mouth and I renewed my vigor, and it was gratifying when Ken lifted his hips and said, "Good. Harder."

I complied.

His prick was inspiring, and as I went up and down and around the

bend, it was almost as if I were racing over the field toward the goal line, and a few drops of his essence signified that the goal was within reach.

He held my head, stopped my sprint, and said, "I want to fuck you."

Direct and desirable—who could ask for anything more?

I pulled my pants and underwear to the tiles. When I looked up from this divestiture, I saw that he'd put on a condom. How considerate, I thought, and turned around and sat on his dick.

There are two parts to being fucked that I particularly like. First, there's the pain of entry, the delicious ache that signifies that something fantastic is beginning to occur and that as terrific as that sting is, there's going to be the second part, when the hurt abates and the main event starts, the stimulation, the arousal, the attack, the retreat, the drive, the heat, the wetness.

I mean, the other parts of being fucked aren't bad, but the initial invasion is best.

So the sequence commenced: the pain went away, and in its place were all of those sweet vibrations. I bounced up and down on his cock, which felt as if it had been designed for my ass, and I closed my eyes and rode him. My own cock was certainly active and swung back and forth and produced some moistness of its own. Considerations of Henry James and Travis and the other handymen in the apartment faded, and soon I wasn't thinking of anything but the delight I found in his dick going up into me. Behind my closed eyes, lights were flashing and whirling, and I hummed, and he moaned, and really, this was what life was all about. He shifted position, putting me off balance, and I grabbed the towel rack across from the toilet and pulled it off the wall, and I got tangled in the clothing around my ankles, and the bar and I and my chartreuse towels clattered noisily to the floor, and I said, I think, "Oof."

I sprawled, dazed, and I was brought back to throbbing reality, in several senses of the term, by the door springing open, striking both me and the wall. Reggie's face—in my confounded condition, for a moment, I saw two faces—appeared around the corner, and he said, "Are you all right?" He appraised Ken and me, our stripped lower halves, our extended appendages, and he answered himself, "You obviously are." I expected him to tactfully withdraw, but he didn't; he continued into the room and closed the door behind him and said, "Go on."

Ken reached down and pulled me up and set me back on his cock, and as this supremely surprising day continued merrily along, Reggie stood in front of me and unzipped his jeans and pulled out his stiff prick and said, as he stuffed it in my mouth, "Maybe you could use this."

I certainly could. I decidedly did. Reggie's rod was different from Ken's; it was not so thick, rather a bit longer and slender and it didn't have the same twist, but it was no less charming and it was utterly delectable.

I set up a rhythm: I went down on Ken's cock and drew back from Reggie's; I went down on Reggie's cock and drew up from Ken's, and down and back and up and down, and it had a nice beat, and I could dance to it, and I felt as if I were dancing, dancing between two beautifully formed, flavorsome cocks, listening to the music of my slurping and Ken's *ooing* and Reggie's *aahing*. It briefly occurred to me that silence might be the better part of keeping under wraps things that were now without wraps; it would keep Frank from bursting in, wondering what the hell we were doing. Such thoughts were fleeting due to the delight of fucking and sucking.

As if I had communicated telepathically with Frank, I heard his voice saying, "Mr. March, I'd like you to look at some samples." My mouth was occupied, so I didn't answer right away, and just as I was going to disembark from Reggie's rampant rod and tell Frank that I would be with him in a moment, Reggie said, "We're in here, Frank."

I was sure that in the midst of this fleshly fandango, I had slipped into delusion, and it didn't help that feeling when the bathroom door swung open and Frank looked around the edge and said, "Why don't you come out here where there's room?" I could have sworn that I saw Frank's uniformed chest now un-uniformed and maybe the hint of an unclad leg. If this were fantasy, it was continuing because Reggie said, "Good idea," and exited my mouth and the bathroom, and Ken put both of his hands on my bottom and pushed me off and said, "Let's go," and we went. Indeed, Frank was standing in the living room absolutely nude, and I'd been right: underneath the painter's outfit, he was attractive and nicely constructed, and he was impressively hard.

So the four of us—oh, this had to be illusion! The *four* of us?—stood in the middle of my living room and took off the rest of our clothes. Thank heavens I'd been going to the gym lately, I thought as stood in front of three undressed men in my apartment—oh, no, this couldn't be real. *Three* men? Three *undressed* men?

We looked at one another, and we flowed into formation, and I was on my knees, and Ken was fucking me from behind, and Reggie was ravishing my mouth from in front, and Frank was lying at a right angle beneath me and sucking my palpitating schlong.

That went on for a while, and then the condoms started to be added and subtracted in a flurry, depending on who was doing what to whom and who

was being done by whom and what permutation was percolating at a particular point, and it seemed as if we were in a delirious French farce.

There was a rearrangement, and Reggie was fucking me, and Ken was sucking me, and I was inhaling Frank.

We shifted again, and Frank fucked, and I sucked Ken, and Reggie sucked me.

Oh, this variety was stunning, simply stunning.

Each man had his own style of fucking. Ken's was quick and to the point, hitting my points, skillfully utilizing the arch in his cock, deftly pushing his plunger in and out and clearing parts of my colon that hadn't ever been touched before.

Reggie gave me some high-definition screwing, and electrical currents ran along the mammoth receptor that my body had become, and I sizzled.

Frank used his brush as a true artisan would, slowly spreading colorful sensation, hue and cry over the canvas that he made of my quivering body.

It had been quite a while since I'd had a man at both ends of me at the same time, and I hadn't ever had three men simultaneously spurring me on to sexual elevation, and the situation was quite acceptable, and wasn't it nice that for a man in his midthirties there were still new boundaries to be bounded across?

This was an equal-opportunity orgy, and I didn't only take; I gave. I fucked Frank and I banged Ken and I screwed Reggie, and my dick cried out for more, until it seemed that it couldn't take any more, but it could—it took and gave more, and my ass drew in and released each cock and eagerly spread for the next one, and the big mouth that all of my friends assure me I have was truly useful, and my stomach was spinning like a gyro-scope about to throw me off, and I rode and I was ridden in this carnival of lust.

We all tried to hold back, to not let go too soon, to extend this arousal, this attack and retreat, this excitement, this assailing and being assailed.

And then—there's always “and then.”

We'd returned to the original construction. Ken was fucking me, and I was sucking Reggie, and Frank was blowing me.

Reggie said, “Oh...oh...oh”—not perhaps up to Henry James's standard, but it got across the idea—and his sweet cream shot into my mouth, engulfing me.

A minute later, Ken said, “Ooh...ooh...ooh,” and his fingers dug into my hips and his groin ground against me with such blistering force that I thought we would be welded together, and he came inside me.

Sometime soon after that, Frank said, “Mm...mm...mm,” making my boner vibrate between his lips, and I watched as his upright prick gushed out several thick eruptions that cascaded onto his stomach and up onto his chest and one that landed on his chin.

As a superior host, I waited until last to come, and when I did, I said, “Oh...ooh...mm...wow,” and the orgasm shook me, and I might have fallen over except that I was held up by cocks fore and aft. After an indeterminate time, the four of us—incredible! The *four* of us!—toppled like a set of builder’s blocks in a sudden breeze, and we lay on the floor in a sloppy, gloppy mélange.

I panted for a while and fell asleep.

When I awoke, the apartment was in shadow, and my companions in carnality were wiping themselves off on my chartreuse towels—I wasn’t even upset that they were not my guest towels—and began to get dressed.

I thought that I heard something about “signing out” and “overtime,” but I may have been confused.

One by one, they said, “Good-bye, Robert,” and departed, and I was left, messily, on the living room rug.

If I’d had a better afternoon in my life, I couldn’t remember it.

I pushed myself, effortfully, to my feet and wobbled my way to one of my windows and stared down on the street, not caring that some of my neighbors might be seeing more of me than usual. It was hard to tell from my twelfth-floor aerie, but I thought that I saw three men together—one in T-shirt and jeans, one in gray-green pants and shirt, one in painter’s uniform—getting into a taxi.

I said to myself, “Hmm.”

As far as I knew, the plumber hadn’t fixed anything—except me. The cable guy hadn’t adjusted anything—except me. The painter hadn’t assessed anything—except me.

“Hmm,” I added to myself.

I felt the towels; they were damp. The floor was punctuated with used condoms. Evidently, I wasn’t delusional. That was good.

I realized that I would have a hell of a story to tell Travis, who would be home, when, tonight, tomorrow morning? I wondered if I *would* tell Travis; after all, he could get so jealous.

Before I tottered into bed, I noticed that a couple of buttons were glowing on my TV. I looked more closely and saw that Reggie had turned on the recorder and was saving a Heather Locklear movie for me.

# About the Authors

**Xavier Axelson** ([xavieraxelson.com](http://xavieraxelson.com)) is a writer living in Los Angeles. Xavier's work has been featured in various erotic and horror anthologies. Longer written works include *The Incident*, *Velvet* and *Lily*.

**Jacqueline Bocker** ([jacquelinebocker.net](http://jacquelinebocker.net)) lives and writes in Cambridge, England. Her short erotic fiction has appeared in anthologies such as *Smut Alfresco* and *Best Bondage Erotica 2014*. Her novella *Body & Bow* and short story "Oasis Beckoning" have been published by Forbidden Fiction.

**Dale Chase** has written male erotica for seventeen years. Her second novel, *Takedown: Taming John Wesley Hardin*, was published in 2013; her first, *Wyatt: Doc Holliday's Account of an Intimate Friendship*, came out in 2012. Dale has several published story collections and novellas in addition to stories in various anthologies.

**Martha Davis** ([facebook.com/quixoticorchid](https://facebook.com/quixoticorchid)) is an Atlanta-based sapiosexual writer of erotica, erotic romance, ménage, and M/M fiction. Stay tuned: there's always more where that came from.

**Rhidian Brenig Jones** has herded sheep in New Zealand, taught English in Poland and run a bar on the Costa del Sol. Now settled home in Wales, he leads an adult literacy program and writes at dawn and dusk. He lives with his husband, Michael, and two arthritic old Labradors.

**Kenzie Mathews's** erotica stories have appeared in *Lesbian Lust*, *Lesbian Cops*, *Rumpled Silksheets: Lesbian Fairy Tales*, *Best Lesbian Erotica 2011* and *Lust in Time: Erotic Romance Throughout the Ages*. One of her dark fantasy stories was included in *The Big Book of Bizarro*.

**Richard Michaels's** most recent publication was in the Cleis anthology *Special Forces*. His erotica has been featured in a number of magazines.

**Gregory L. Norris** ([gregorylnorris.blogspot.com](http://gregorylnorris.blogspot.com)) works and lives in the outer limits of New Hampshire. He has written for numerous national



magazines as well as fiction anthologies, and has many novels and a few TV/film credits on his creative resume.

**Michael Roberts** appeared in two previous Rob Rosen collections, *Men of the Manor* (Cleis) and *Lust in Time* (MLR). His stories have also been in a dozen STARbooks and Alyson anthologies, on cruisingforsex.com and in several leading gay magazines, including *Mandate*.

**Alex Stitt** is a queer, British-American bibliophile penning fantasies for the thoughtful, the curious and the downright adventurous. A fire-dancer with a top hat and a flaming glove, Alex has ignited burlesque shows and Pride events throughout America. Alex currently lives on the volcanic island of Hawaii.

Unbeknownst to her dissertation committee, **T. R. Verten** was really a spy in the house of academia. She is the author of the gay erotic novella *Confessions of Rentboy* (Burning Book Press). You can find her on Twitter [@trepverten](#) where she talks about hot boys, her cats and what's for dinner.

**Salome Wilde** ([salandtalerotica.com](#)) has published dozens of stories across the orientation spectrum, in genres from hard-boiled/noir to Godzilla porn. She is coauthor of the gay romance novella *After the First Taste of Love* and editor of *Shake-spearotica: Queering the Bard*.

**Mark Wildyr** ([markwildyr.com](#)) has sold sixty short stories and novellas about developing sexual awareness and intercultural relationships and has authored four published novels: *Cut Hand*, *River Otter*, *Echoes of the Flute* and *The Victor and the Vanquished*, with two others pending.

**Logan Zachary** (LoganZachary2002@yahoo.com) is the author of *Calendar Boys*, a collection of his erotica, and *Big Bad Wolf* and *GingerDead Man*, both mystery novels set in Northern Minnesota. His stories can be found in: *Going Down*, *Tricks of the Trade*, *Beach Bums*, *Sexy Sailors* and *Homo Thugs*.

# About the Editor

Rob Rosen ([www.therobrosen.com](http://www.therobrosen.com)), author of the novels *Sparkle: The Queerest Book You'll Ever Love*, *Divas Las Vegas*, *Hot Lava*, *Southern Fried*, *Queerwolf*, *Vamp* and *Queens of the Apocalypse*, and editor of the anthologies *Lust in Time* and *Men of the Manor*, has had short stories featured in more than two hundred anthologies.